R. R.
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in a Few Minutes by
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COMPLAINTS,
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by taking Radway's Ready Relief.
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R. R.
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ONE HOUR.
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Suffer with Pain?
DWAY'S
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Swellings, Hip Joint Disease, Tumors
or Swellings, Nodes, Wasting and
Pimples and Blotches, Tumors
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Gout, Consumption, Grave, and
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AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

UTILIZING THE LOW LANDS.

When we see a farmer cultivating a gravelly or stony farm, the question always arises, if it would not be better to leave such a farm to grow up to weeds, and remove to one with a soil free from stones, composed principally of meadows and land plains? No intelligent farmer can examine the farms of New England without coming to the conclusion that a large number of them do not pay the labor expended on them, as well as would farms that are composed of meadows and level plains, that are free from stone, even though the low land be covered with wood. As long as our principal crop is hay we need to cultivate farms that will not dry up during the summer; in fact whatever crops we grow, the rule is, in our climate it is too hot and dry for them to grow to full perfection, on high gravelly land, without much more attention than is required to grow them on lower land.

In all portions of New England we have large tracts of land that are entirely free from stones and rocks, with a soil several feet in depth, composed of material rich in the elements of plant food, that only require to be drained and turned up to the sunshine and air, to get from them large crops of grass, by the application of less than half the amount of fertilizers required to produce an equal amount on high dry land; such land when drained and cultivated, requires for many years less manure to keep it up than gravelly land, because being composed of partially decayed vegetation, the moment it is drained and cultivation commences a still further decomposition takes place, and every year a portion of it passes to that state of decay which brings it into plant food. This process will continue until the deposit of partially decayed vegetation is exhausted, or what usually take place, it comes down to where the water is not drained off, and therefore cannot decay to a lower level.

The great mistake which farmers make when they attempt to drain a meadow is in not digging the main drain low enough to keep the water down after the meadow begins to settle; the fact that it will settle is not thought of so the drains are dug just low enough to properly drain the land before it settles, so the moment the soil begins to decay and settle it becomes too wet for the growth of the better varieties of grasses, and the farmer is disappointed in the results, and instead of digging his drains deeper, he begins to fill his meadow up with sand; this improves it, but it is very expensive, often ten times more than it would cost to sink the drains deeper; he does not think of this, he has been informed that his grass needs silica, which is true, but a half inch in depth would be better than twelve inches, providing the water has been drawn low enough. When meadows with a deposit of ten feet or more in depth are drained, it is not best to draw the water low enough at first to utilize more than two feet of the deposit, then as the meadow settles dig the drains deeper.

It is well when about to drain a swamp or meadow to establish some permanent landmark so as to be able at all times to know exactly the distance the soil has settled, then it will be easy to decide how much the main drain needs to be lowered.

The distance which a meadow will settle when drained depends on the character of the deposit, its depth, and the depth the water is drained off. A meadow composed of peat that is spongy will settle much more than one that contains peat, so decomposed that it would be termed by many as muck, and the deeper the deposit and the lower the water is drawn the more will the meadow settle. It is safe to estimate that a deep meadow of spongy peat, that has had the water drained off two feet in depth will settle at least one-half, and if the water be drawn off four feet, two-thirds. There are many meadows that the peat has decomposed so little that the water should not be drawn very low at first, or it will become too dry for vegetable growth, in fact too dry for rapid decomposition. Such land needs to have the water drawn down gradually, and it also needs a good dressing of sand to hasten decomposition, and to prevent it from becoming too light and dry. Such land, with proper treatment, will in a few years decompose and settle so as to require the drains to be dug lower.

The most valuable land we have is deep meadows, so located that the water can easily be drained at least four feet below the surface, and as easily, at any season, raised to within a few inches of it. On such land almost any crop can be grown to full perfection, in the dryest, as well as the wettest season, for when it is found that the crop needs heat the water can be drawn down to the lowest level, and when it wants moisture the water can be raised to a level to give just what is desired. The great value in such land lies in the fact that when the high land dries up and crops fail to an extent that bring prices very high, this land will produce abundant crops that can be sold at prices that will secure very large profits. Land thus situated is not plenty when compared with meadows that cannot be flowed at any season, yet there are in New England many thousands of acres that are now comparatively worthless, and can be bought at very low prices, where at a small expense the water may be fully controlled. Those in search of farm land would do well to look for land of this character, with a view of buying it rather than the stony hill farms which are sometimes sold so cheap, and yet so dear, and are not only hard to work but very likely to become so dry that the crop will be lost. Gradually farmers are learning to set a higher value on low lands, and are beginning to clear up and drain many swamps and meadows that have never before been properly reclaimed.

In some portions of the State the farmers a hundred years ago cleared up many meadows, but they did not drain them properly, so instead of cultivating them and seeding them down to the better qualities of grasses they were permitted to produce only the wild meadow grasses, and the hay was known by the name of meadow or fresh hay, which was considered worth about half as much as good English hay. Many of these meadows have been neglected, and have again become covered with bushes and trees; to again reclaim them is expensive, yet, as a rule, it is work that will pay much better than that which is expended in clearing up and removing the rocks and stones from the hillsides.

PURSLANE.

(*Pot-House Portulacca.*)

Of all the troublesome weeds that have been introduced from Europe, there are few if any that will multiply from the seed more rapidly, or are more tenacious of life than purslane or "pusley" as it is usually called. Fortunately it does not put in an appearance quite as early in the season as many other weeds, but when the weather gets warm it comes in numbers so great that it seems as though the soil was composed principally of purslane seed; as soon as one crop is destroyed another appears in increased numbers if possible.

One of the best ways to diminish the numbers of this plant is to commence cultivating the ground as soon as it makes its appearance, stirring only the surface of the soil; if this be continued as often as a crop appears, the work can be done principally by horse labor, but if the work be neglected until the plants are two or three weeks old, they cannot be destroyed without considerable hand labor, for a plant once well established will not die by simply removing the roots from the soil with a cultivator, even if the roots are turned upward and the plant lays on the surface in the sun it will not die, but will send another set of roots from whatever portion of the plant chances to touch the ground; for this reason when the plants are permitted to get large they must be removed from the field or covered a few inches with soil to kill them.

This plant possesses another wonderful quality. It will blossom and ripen its seeds in a very few days after it appears above ground, providing it does not get ready to grow before towards the end of August. It seems to understand that when the frost comes it must die, so it puts forth its blossoms and matures its seed in a very few days. This is one of the worst features of the plant, for the gardener having kept his land free from weeds up to near the first of September, and his crops, most of them, being well grown, he feels that the battle with the weeds is over, and so he ceases to cultivate just in time to give the purslane time to send up a good crop from the seed, blossom and ripen millions of seeds for another year, and the gardener does not suspect it until the frost comes and lays bare the ground so as to disclose the numerous blackened plants which have crept in wherever the sunlight penetrated. It is really discouraging to try to conquer this weed in a garden that has a rich soil; it is so easy for plants enough to escape at the end of the season to reseed the land for the crop another season, that very few have fully conquered it where it has got well established. There are too many who get discouraged early in the season, especially a season like this, and let it overrun the crops before they are fully grown, and thus not only fill the land with seed for the next season, but greatly injure the crops for the present year.

THE APPLE CROP.

Although this year is the off year for apples, the present prospect is that there will be nearly an average crop. The trees did not show an average bloom, but every blossom seems to have made an apple; this no doubt is owing to the fact that the weather was quite cool and damp when the trees were in bloom. We have noticed that when the weather is very hot and dry during the period when the trees are in blossom the fruit does not set well, therefore the crop of fruit will not be large. It seems evident that apple trees to produce plenty of fruit require that condition of the weather that will keep the trees in blossom several days, for when the weather is very hot the blossoms fade and drop in a very short time after they are fully expanded, evidently before the pollen is matured, and thus the germ of the fruit fails to become perfected and so drops from the tree in an immature state.

It is really surprising how few blossoms are sufficient to make a fair crop of fruit when the weather is in the right state to cause each one to produce an apple. An examination of some trees a few days since, that were examined when in blossom and found to contain, to all appearances, very few blossoms, we were very much surprised to find them quite full of fruit; it really appeared as though every blossom had produced at least two apples.

Should the conditions continue favorable many orchards will produce as much fruit as last year. If our orchards would only give us a moderate crop of fruit every year instead of doing as they have done for the last twenty five years, producing a very large crop the even year, and none the odd year, it would be a very desirable change. As we had only a small crop last year for the even year, there are good grounds upon which to base a belief, that in future there will be less difference between the crop of even and odd years. But it is too early to form any correct opinion as to what the crop will be at harvest time. We only know that thus far the outlook is very favorable for a good crop of fruit.

A few weeks of extreme hot and dry weather would cause much of the fruit to drop, and it would also affect the foliage of the trees so that there would not be vigor enough in them to fill out the fruit to its full size. Even when the fruit is nearly ripe there may come a very heavy wind and shake off most of the fruit; in fact there is no certainty of having a good crop of anything until it is not only fully ripe, but safely harvested.

— **The state of New Jersey gives one dollar bounty on every ton of sugar cane grown in that state and one cent per pound for every pound of sugar made.**

Questions & Answers.

☞ *All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the* PLOUGHMAN, *should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.*

RETAINED AFTERBIRTH.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

What can be done to relieve a cow that does not clean off well after calving? Please inform an old subscriber and greatly oblige.

Framingham, July, 1885. C. H.

The retention of the afterbirth or portions of the attached membranes may continue for two or three days and even longer without serious detriment to the cow, therefore there need not be any anxiety felt by the owner. As a general rule, however, if the placenta has not come away within 24 or 36 hours the best plan is to extract it. This is done by securing the end of the cord that projects with the left hand, and with the right, previously well lubricated with fresh lard and inserted into the vagina, following up the course of the cord until the afterbirth is felt. This can be easily recognized. The mass should then be gently but firmly grasped, and in the majority of cases easily removed, as the hand is withdrawn. If, however, it should be found adherent, the adhesion must be separated by gently squeezing and drawing upon these portions. The operation is not a difficult one, and only requires care, gentleness and patience. If a discharge continues after calving—in many cases produced by the retention of fragments of the membranes which become decomposed—the vagina should be washed out daily by means of a common syringe and elastic tube,—throwing in a gallon of warm water. Afterwards use the following solution: one drachm of sulphate of zinc to a pint of water, to which may be added four or five ounces of glycerine. Continue the treatment until the discharge ceases.—[ED.

REARING A MOTHERLESS COLT.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman.

I should be pleased to learn through your next issue the best way to bring up a colt by hand as we have one without a mother.

Yours &c. A. E. A.

Wayland, July, 1885.

Our correspondent neglects to state the age of the colt. At the end of a mouth and sometimes earlier, the colt will eat bruised oats and will nibble tender green grass. Previous to this time the little animal will take oat meal gruel if properly prepared. It should be made as follows: A pound of the best oat meal should be carefully stirred up with sufficient cold water to make a thin substance of the consistence of cream. This is then to be stirred into three quarts of boiling water, and the whole stirred over the fire until it thickens. It should then be set aside and given when lukewarm, or afterwards made warm by heating. To this may be added a little cow's milk at the time of feeding—which should be three times a day—and the colt will soon learn to take care of itself on green grass, yet it would be better to continue the gruel or bruised oats until it had attained the age of four months at least. Protection at night, and at all times, from cold and wet, as well as from the hot sun, is very essential to its well being. The animal should also have access to pure cool water.—[Ed.

LECTURER'S COMMUNICATION.

National Grange P. of H.

Subject for August, 1885.

Question 76.—Why, and how should farmers be educated?

Suggestions.—A proper and practical education enlightens the mind, develops and expands the intellectual faculties of our natures, it brightens our ideas, quickens our perceptions, unfold sand makes clear our responsibilities; it gives us sounder and better judgment, it makes our senses more acute to discern between right and wrong; it strengthens principles for right; confirms correct habits; inspires love for the beautiful; it prompts to proper action, and creates a disgust for all that is low, vicious or wrong.

It is not education to simply learn what books teach, for a student may learn to become an expert in mathematics, proficient in geography, eloquent in reading, understand astronomy and theology, even a ready reader of Greek and Latin, and be called educated and learned, and yet be an artless simpleton, from the very fact that the most practical and useful part of an education was neither taught nor studied—not having learned how to apply what they have learned to anything useful. We find many men and women who have graduated from some of the highest institutions of learning in the land that are but useless citizens, for they have not learned how to apply to advantage what they have learned—do not know how to utilize intellect, and too vain to employ strength for any purpose; hence, they are failures, and some become cranks, others tramps.

It is an old, but nevertheless a truthful saying, that "he that learns and learns and acts not what he knows, is like the one who ploughs and ploughs and never sows."

This, then, is not the kind of education for the farmers, nor the kind desirable for our sons and daughters. We are living in a progressive age, intelligence moves on, educated brain directs the movement of affairs that produce wonderful changes and results in all branches of agriculture, as well as elsewhere. The rifle and cannon have superseded the spear and battle axe, the railway the stage coach, the telegraph the post-rider, the steel-beam and the riding plough the bar-share and wooden mould-board, the pulverizer the wooden harrow, the mowing machine the scythe, the reaper and self-binder the sickle and cradle. Brain must more and more supersede muscle, and without the brain being properly educated, it becomes in a manner dormant and dwarfed, and without application as to its use it becomes in a measure, dead and worthless.

We must therefore seek more practical knowledge as to its soils, grains and grasses; their culture, production, gathering and marketing; also of animals, their care, food, growth, usefulness and value; and also of matters pertaining to political economy and affairs of government. None of us are too old to learn; none of us know so much but that we can learn still more, and the Grange is the place where we must learn it, if we learn it at all. We must not stop here, we must introduce a more practical method of education into our public schools, so that our children may have an opportunity of obtaining a more practical and a more useful education than is now afforded them.

The kind of education most profitable for general usefulness to the rising generation will be given as a question for discussion in the next quarterly communication.

— **Blueberries, thimbleberries, raspberries, blackberries, currants and a few peaches from far south, are on the market, and people are all pulling them over and purchasing.**

— **An unusual severe hail storm prevailed in the town of Saybrook, Ill., one day last week, where the waterspout occurred the week before. The crops suffered severely.**

— **Montreal is to have a botanical garden, to comprise 75 acres, and to be located in the beautiful park on Mount Royal.**

Correspondence.

"THE TARIFF."

AS IT AFFECTS THE FARMERS.

BY GEO. W. RUSSELL.

NUMBER II.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman.

English writers show so far as the masses are concerned that "merry England" is a thing of the past. So far as I know there is no disagreement among protectionists about the effect of protection on prices. Protectionists do not claim that we cannot produce and sell protected articles as low as other countries. The fact that we do produce and sell five or six hundred million dollars worth annually, nearly all of which are protected goods; is proof of this.

It has been demonstrated over and over again, that while we can and do produce and sell many articles as low as they are produced anywhere in the world, we cannot hold our home markets against other countries without protective duties. To show the workings of free trade on prices let us look at the trade in iron rails from 1849 to 1854. After our free traders had succeeded in destroying the tariff of 1842, and had made that of 1846, so that invoices could be crowded down to evade a large part of the low duties, in 1849 and 1850 more than 200,000 tons of iron rails were sent to this country and offered at forty dollars per ton. Of course our mills could not compete and closed up. As soon as English exporters saw that they had control of the market the price went up to seventy five dollars per ton Between 1850 and 1854 more than 800,000 tons were sold in our markets at the latter price. With an adequate tariff we could have made the whole of the iron at $50 per ton, and kept the 60,000,000 of dollars at home for our mechanics and farmers, but without this protection any attempt by our manufacturers to have supplied our market, would have been met with a price so low that it would have stopped them.

English manufacturers do not hesitate to say that with free trade they could close every mill in this country in two years. To-day "nine tenths of the manufactured goods used by our farmers and working people, either in their houses, on their farms, or in their shops are cheaper than goods of like quality are in England." Our working people are better housed, better clothed, better fed and have more of the comforts and luxuries of life than any other people of like condition in the world. All past experience shows that we could never have attained our supremacy in every thing that makes a people happy and comfortable without protecting our labor.

What Mr. Moore says about wages and the cost of living here in Massachusetts, is a total misstatement of Mr. Wright's position, as I read it. The cost of living, or of what are called the necessaries of life, are at least 20 per cent cheaper than in 1860, while any candid man will say that wages have nearly doubled on an average. We, as a people, consume twice as much of the comforts and luxuries of life per bead, as we did in 1860.

Mr. Moore seems to have forgotten that less than one hundred years ago, the German people were virtually slaves, and sold to this country as such, that the German language was only spoken by the lower classes, while French was taught and used by the "upper classes," and that their condition as a people, was one of absolute poverty and ignorance, while today, notwithstanding the enormous requirements of the government in men and money, and the low wages and coarse food of the working people, they are the best educated people in the world, and have made more progress in the last fifty years, in the well being of the masses, than any other people in the world except our own. There is scarcely a science in which they do not excel.

In 1835 what was called the Great German Union was formed, and some sort of a protective policy was adapted, but not until very recently has this policy been either continuous or highly protective, and indeed is not highly protective now. Mr. Kay, an English traveller and futhor, in his "Social Condition and Education of the People of England and Europe," says, "In no country has there been a more rapid increase in the diversification of industries and demand for labor, and the social and economic results of this cannot be too highly rated." The consumption of manufactured goods doubled from 1834 to 1847. That this progress in material well being is the result in a large measure of the "Customs Union," or in other words of protection, slight and imperfect as it was, no one but those theorists who "must" make random statements will question. The rate of pauperism is less than one third that of England. Fifty years ago England had more than six hundred years of absolute, rigid, continuous protection (in many instances amounting to prohibition,) such as was never approached by any other nation in the world. Less than fifty years ago with an enlightened and the most liberal government in the world except ours, with unrivalled manufactures and commerce, without a competitor in anything that made a nation great, when her statesmen did not even dream that she ever would have a competitor, she proclaimed free trade as her policy and forced it on all countries, either with the sword or diplomacy that she could. Let English statesmen tell the result. Edward Sullivan says "Crime, pauperism and ignorance have all increased." "Chamber's Journal" says,

"No abjectness in any city in Europe sinks to the dismal level of rays and wretchedness observable in London, Edinburg and Glasgow. In an article in the "Nineteenth Century," by an English Baronet who is an acknowledged authority in political economy the author says, "Our policy (free trade) has not conferred a single blessing on England that other nations have not enjoyed under an opposite one. But it has ruined our great agricultural interest, and year by year reduced our food supplying power. There are 31 per cent less people in agriculture than there were thirty years ago. We produce less food to feed 35,000,000 people than we did to feed 17,000,000. It has enabled foreigners to flood our country with manufactured goods. It has made our immense manufacturing capital unremunerative. It has made the employment of our operatives spasmodic and uncertain. It has destroyed all confidence in the present and future of our manufacturing industries."

Of Russia I can only say that perhaps she is the worst governed country in Europe; but in the last fifty years she has emancipated her slaves and steadily progressed in power and wealth, and is to-day a formidable rival of England, a position she never would have attained under free trade. There is nothing in the history of the country to show that wages were higher here than in Europe before we had any tariff. It is an unquestioned fact that our free trade agitation has had a tendency to reduce wages. Free trade advocates admit this. The New York World said:

"The American laborer must make up his mind henceforth not to be so much better off than the laborer in Europe. Men must be content to work for less wages. In this way the laboring man will be nearer to that station in life which it has pleased God to call him." A prominent free trader last fall said, "The tendency of labor in this country now, will be to find its level with the labor of Europe."

No protectionist so far as I know wants to disguise any increase in the country's wealth from 1850 to 1860. No reliable comparison can be made of this increase with that of a later decade on account of the admitted inaccuracy of the census of 1850. The highest estimates put the increase in wealth from 1850 to 1860 at 15 per cent. while from 1860 to 1880 (leaving slaves out of the account) the increase in national wealth was quite 80 per cent. Our savings bank deposits are three times greater under protection than under free trade. In the decade from 1850 to 1860 our sheep husbandry increased 748,005, only about 3 per cent. From 1860 to 1883 the increase was 28,622,778 in number, and sixfold in pounds of wool. In 1859 the productive power of our people was 87 dollars per head, and in 1880, 200 dollars per head. In 1860, after fourteen years of tariff for "revenue only," which drained the country of money, we had less than one dollar per head in coin, and in 1880, after nineteen years of only partial protection, we had sixteen dollars per head. We have increased our internal commerce fivefold to an increase of population of two-fifths. Our foreign trade is two and one-half times greater than in 1860. From 1860 to 1880 the value of our farms increased four-fold. If as Mr. Moore says the national wealth increased so much faster from 1850 to 1860, than it did from 1860 to 1880, why did the Government during Buchanan's administration have to pay four times as high a rate of interest on a small debt, as it is paying now on a large one. In 1860 our manufactures amounted to only 1,800,000,000 of dollars for 31,000,000 of people, while in 1883 they amounted to 7,000,000,000 of dollars for 55,000,000 of people. This is over 1,000,000,000 of dollars in value more than England or any other country in the world manufactures.

FORESTS AND CLIMATE.

[From Nature.]

The third number of Petermann's Mittheilungen for this year contains an article by A. Woeikof on the influence of forests on climate. The commencement of a scientific investigation of this subject was made when the Bavarian forest meteorological stations were established, and when Prussia, Alsace-Lorraine, France, Switzerland, and Italy followed the example. As a general rule it may be laid down that in the warm seasons, as between forests and places close at hand which are treeless (1) the temperatures of the earth and air are lower in the former, (2) their variations are less, (3) the relative humidity is greater. After examining observations as to evaporations, Her Woeikof states that the influence of forests in diminishing evaporation from water and the soil is so great that it cannot be accounted for alone by the lower temperature of the hot months, the greater humidity, or even by the shade. An important influence, which has hitherto been but little appreciated, is the protection from the wind afforded by the trees, and this the writer regards as more important than all the others together in reducing the degree of evaporation. With regard to the influence of forests on rain and snow-fall, there is yet only a single series of observations supplying comparative statistics, and extending over a sufficiently long period. These were taken in the neighborhood of Nancy, and they show an important influence of forests in increasing the rain-fall. It might appear that the effects of forest on rain in the climate of central Europe in winter would be small, for the difference between the temperature and humidity of the forest and the open is very little, and the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere is small. But the observations show that it is at this time of the year that forests get much more rain. This the writer attributes to the clouds being lower, and the resistance which the forest offers to the movement of the air and to the moist west wind. Forests retain rain by the undergrowths of grass, moss, etc., much better than open ground, and let water off superficially only after a heavy rain-fall; the remainder filters upward slowly, and much of it is used for the evaporation of trees. Although forests, especially thick, luxuriant forests, cannot exist without certain supplies of moisture, yet it is the same to them when the supplies come, for they retain what they get, and use it over a long period. One example of this is the Lenkoran forest, on the west coast of the Caspian, where the vegetation is more luxuriant than in any other part of Europe, yet very little rain falls in summer, but the rain-fall in autumn and winter is great. The water is stored up by the forest, and is used in evaporation during the heat of summer. Humidity of the atmosphere, however, is not inconsistent with a high temperature, as the Red Sea shows; but in the forests the humidity is due to the evaporation of the leaves, in other words, to a process by which heat is converted into work, and hence the coolness.

Herr Woeikof then endeavors to ascertain the influence of forests on the climatic conditions of their neighborhoods in the western parts of the Old World, between the 38th and 52d degrees north latitude, the places selected being in all cases in the open. Thus for the 52d degree eight stations are taken between Valentia in Ireland on the west and the Kirghiz steppes on the east; for the 50th, Guernsey on the west, Semipalatinsk on the east, and thirteen stations, and so on for each two degrees of latitude to 38 deg. The general result of the observations in 50 minutes in six different degrees of latitude, is that in western Europe and Asia large forests have a great influence on the temperature of places near them, and that by their influence the normal increase of temperature as we travel eastward from the Atlantic ocean to the interior of the continent is not merely interrupted, but they give places far removed from the coast a cooler summer than those actually on the sea. A striking example of this is Bosnia. An examination of the statistics show (1) that in Bosnia the summer is 2.5 deg. to 4.5 deg. cooler than in Herzegovina; (2) even on the island of Lissa, in the full influence of the Adriatic sea, the summer temperature is more than a degree higher than that of Bosnia, which is separated by fifty mountain ranges from the sea. Bosnia owes this comparatively cool summer to its great forests, while Herzegovina is almost disafforested. To sum up: Forests exercise an influence on climate which does not cease on their borders, but extenda over a larger or smaller adjacent region according to the size, kind and position of forest. Hence, man by afforestation and disafforestation can modify the climate around him; but it is an extreme position to hold that by afforestation the waste places of the earth can be made fertile. There are places incapable of being afforested, which would not give the necessary nourishment to trees,

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

— The cultivation of the cranberry is being embarked into by certain parties at Taunton, Mass.

— During May and June the receipts of hogs in Chicago reached 1,101,019 head.

— Poultry farming pays well for the small capital invested.

— Agriculture in the South is advancing.

— Hay cholera is spreading in Nebraska.

— Blueberries are in plentiful supply.

— Late cabbages pay better in the long run than the early ones.

— A pound of cheese and half a pound of bread are equal to two pounds of beef in nututive value.

— Glanders is prevalent in the northwest and in Canada.

— To exterminate thistles, salt them well and turn in your flock of sheep.

— Wood ashes are good for all fruit trees.

— Animals once attacked with pleuro pneumonia always are liable to give the disease to others.

— Maine shipped two hundred thousand barrels of apples to Europe last season.

— The Agricultural College Convention at Washington put forth an energetic declaration through a number of its members against the system of distributing seeds through the hands of members of Congress.

— Skim milk as it produces only bone and muscle is better for young stock than for animals that have attained their growth.

— Early maturity is desirable in all stock.

— Iowa farmers are offered seven cents a pound for their butter if it is of prime quality.

— Hay has gone up in price.

— Railroad corporations in the West have to give back to the government lands unlawfully held.

— The short crop of hay in New England will draw supplies from Canada so that after all hay may not advance much in price except in a few localities.

— Jerseys produce calves usually at eighteen months. This has been done in order to induce an early flow of milk.

— If you cultivate at all, cultivate thoroughly.

— Winter rye used to be a standard crop in New England.

— Chickens should have all the soft feed they can eat.

— To ensure a good crop of rye it is necessary to sow early.

— The modern manure spreader seems to fill a want and be a valuable implement.

— All dairy farms should and can make a splendid grade of pork which will bring high prices for private consumption.

— Bees in strange localities are timid.

— An entomologist has found 724 species of noxious insects in the New York parks last year.

— Bran is not much value for swine except as a corrective of indigestion.

— Alsike clover disappears after its crop has been mown, for this reason it is valuable to sow with timothy.

— Numerous authorities advise the fattening of sheep and their sale for mutton in preference to selling them for store purposes this fall.

— The hop situation is not very pleasing to hop growers.

— The estimated wheat yields for 1885 is 363,000,000 bushels.

— The outlook for cattle ranchers in the West is not so glowing as it was in former years.

— Large quantities of fine butter are being put away in cold storage both in Boston and in New York.

— The mechanical condition of the soil is fully as important to the crop as the amount of fertilizer applied.

— Trotting is quite a favorite sport in France.

— An effort was made to establish silk culture in Virginia in the early century.

— The estimated yield of wheat in Minnesota this year averages only seven bushels to the acre.

—England imports yearly eggs to the value of twelve million dollars, the greater portion of these came from France.

— The cauliflower thrives in a rich, most mellow soil and as it is a rank feeder requires high manuring.

— Southern honey bees are more tractable than Northern.

— A fine fruit district is that known as the Niagara in the northern part of New York state and in Western Ontario.

— It is said where sassafras is used for perches, lice will not trouble poultry.

— In the territories fruit trees will never do well unless protected by wind breaks.

— Late cabbages may yet be planted and will be better keepers.

— Lancing a fistula in its early stages will sometimes eradicate it.

— Rag weed has become a great pest in many sections. The cure is to mow it.

— Plaster is beneficial to growing crops especially those having large leaves.

— Once a field has been seeded with the celebrated blue grass it is difficult to get rid of it.

— It is proper that heifers should drop their first calf in April or May.

— In tedding hay, the proper time to use the hay tedder is just after the grass has been cut.

— In breedingsee that the bull possesses the desired qualities as well as the cow.

— Phosphatic manures are beneficial to grasses and clovers.

— The Hessian fly attacks wheat but lets rye alone and thus while wheat has been thinned out the rye succeeds and there is a poor crop of both.

— Strawberry plants that have fruited two seasons should be dug over.

— Cuttings of soft wood plants such as geraniums can be made this month and next.

— Turnip seed can be sown broadcast, but the better way is to drill it in.

— Young pigs should be allowed to suckle for at least four weeks before they are weaned.

— Silk culture requires a very close unremitting attention on the part of those engaged in it and the work is not laborious it is so constant as to prevent the following of any other occupation at the same time. Those who desire to engage in sericulture will do well to consider thoroughly the matter.

— In England dairy farming is being adopted by many farmers instead of fattening cattle for market.

— Ensilage still grows in favor.

— The collie dog is probably the most intelligent of all dogs. He is certainly the most useful.

— Peaches are worth only 50 cents a basket in San Francisco.

— The use of Kerosene as an insecticide on fruit trees should be followed with judgment; an application will do great damage.

— The fisheries of the United States are worth forty-three million dollars annually.

— Fruit grown in Northern latitudes is better in flavor and keeping qualities than the same fruit grown South.

— In days gone by, neither sowing, planting nor grafting was ever undertaken without a scrupulous attention to the warning of the moon.

— The estimate of the peach crop in Delaware is given as 2,590,000 baskets.

— A Vermont colony which located on new land in Dakota last May has now twelve dwelling houses, two stores, a hotel, a livery stable and two offices. A school house is to be built at once. New England energy.

— In November 1882 hops sold for one dollar and ten cents a pound the highest price ever reached in this country. In the month of May previous they sold at twenty six cents per pound. The high price in 1882 brought into use substitute which are still used and the result is, as many went into hop culture that now hops are low in price and likely to remain so.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES.

National Convention at Washington.

ADDRESS OF

HON. NORMAN J. COLMAN,

COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE,

Before the Convention of Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Stations, held at Washington, D. C., July 8 and 9, 1885.

Gentlemen of the Agricultural College Convention:

It was not without considerable hesitation that I assumed the responsibility of issuing a call for this convention. I thought I saw the necessity of the friends of agricultural colleges meeting together to take a reckoning, like the mariners at sea, as to their course and bearings, to ascertain whether they were satisfied with the progress that had been made and whether the haven of their hopes and expectations was likely to be reached. If, upon consultation, the journey thus far has been satisfactory there is no need of a change of course, but if, on the contrary, the progress has been slow and tedious, and has not come up to the reasonable expectations of its friends or the general public, another should be cast, a consultation had, the difficulties ascertained, and a new programme agreed upon.

But to drop the figure of nautiesl speech, I took the responsibility of issuing a call for this convention, believing there was an urgent necessity for it. To those who have responded to it, and have come from their distant college homes, and to all who are present, manifesting an interest in the cause of agricultural education, I extend not only my thanks for their attendance but a most cordial welcome.

It is not necessary for me to recur to the discussions that took place in Congress to secure the magnificent land grants to endow agricultural colleges in the respective States of this Union, or to revive the memory of the high expectations that were raised in regard to the important work they would perform in prepairing young men for agricultural pursuits, and in maintaining in a healthful and growing condition the agricultural interests of our country.

It will be conceded that the general public profess a degree of disappointment in the outcome of these institutions. Although their proper title is that of agricultural and mechanical colleges, they are popularly alluded to as agricultural only; therefore the logical inference is that their duties are mainly directed to the special subject of agricultural education, teaching the science and art of farming and showing the practical application of scientific investigations in the raising of crops.

Objects of the Endowments.

The endowments granted by Congress for the support of these institutions were made for the purpose of educating young men as farmers, and also for instructing them in various mechanical pursuits. The predominant idea, however, was that of instructing young men in farming operations and in the fundamental principles of plant culture, so that they would learn how to realize profits in raising crops without diminishing the fertility of the soil. The arguments which influenced Congress to make the land grants for the benefit of agricultural colleges were largely based upon submitted facts showing that the average yields of farming lands were gradually diminishing in quantity, and that the soil was rapidly being exhausted of plant food.

To arrest this somewhat alarming tendency towards spoliation of arable lands, it was deemed advisable to encourage institutions where the results of scientific investigations in chemistry, physiology would be exemplified, and their practical application in fields and gardens so clearly illustrated to all who could happily avail themselves of this education that students would see it clearly demonstrated that the profits of farming were sufficiently great to direct more of the active energies of young men to the cuitivation of the soil.

These were the intentions, but it is needless to observe that the results have not been commens

nually by the ravages of blights, molds, rusts smuts, and other vegetable diseases, and agricultural colleges can do a noble work in determining their causes and prescribing remedies.

These suggestions and hints are made in the spirit that we are all mutually interested in the furtherance of a common object. Suggestions are apt in the very nature of the case to be mistaken for dictations. Neither do I undertake to prescribe limits to agricultural education, or say how it can differ or be distinguished from what is ordinarily given.

Knowledge Needed by the Agriculturist.

The agriculturist, above most other persons, must possess a greatly diversified knowledge in order to exercise a proper judgment or approach to uniformity of success in his various operations. He must be conversant with the principles of cultivation; and before he can perceive the *rationale* of his labors he must have a knowledge of the laws—the definite and unvarying principles—of physical science, so far as ascertainable. The field of study thus becomes one of immense magnitude.

How plants grow, how and upon what they feed, why some are fruitful while others are barren, the exact specific relations which exist between them and the soil in which they are growing, and the different developments evolved by the unequal distribution of the elements of growth, are the subject-matter of physiology—a science which comprehends a knowledge of chemistry, botany, and the general principles of natural philosophy. The constituent elements of soils, their numerous combinations, and the sources from which they have been produced, involve the study of mineralogy and geology.

Economy of labor depends upon the skillful application of the laws of mechanics. A knowledge of the laws or principles of hydrostatics and hydraulics is necessary before the farmer can fully understand the science of draining lands or provide for its proper application or execution. To guard against attacks of insects, or repel those which have found a lodgment in his crops, involve some acquaintance with entomology, and the complicated influences of climate bring him in contact with meteorology and climatology. In short, there is no branch of knowledge that will not contribute to his aid, and may be productive of suggestions directly applicable to some of his varied pursuits.

Who, therefore, can decide as to what is and what is not included in agricultural education and its practical appliation to the cultivation of plants?

Experimental Farm Work.

But it is needless to dwell further upon this line of thought. I have called attention to these topics that I might the more deeply impress upon your minds the value and the necessity of some such work on our agricultural college farms. In my judgment there is nothing which will attract and retain the attention of the great agricultural public to our agricultural colleges so much as experimental work. Farmers will hope and expect to be benefited pecuniarily by work of this character conducted at the agricultural college farms in their respective States.

On these should be tested every variety of fruit, cereals, grapes, timber trees, and even domestic animals; and those found in all respects adapted to the State should be disseminated by the college, and those not adapted should be discarded, although they might in some other State find a perfect adaptability, and be just what is most needed. In this way one college farm is trying experiments for hundreds of thousands of farmers who can enjoy the benefits and not suffer the losses in cost of labor and time of testing varieties, &c., some of which prove failures.

Greater Diversity of Crops.

In this connection I will state that this country, the best agricultural country in the world, possessing almost every variety of soil and climate, is to-day importing agricultural productions from abroad, and paying therefor tens upon tens of millions of dollars annually that could just as well be produced at home and the amount thus paid out be distributed among our toiling people. The surplus of productions in most branches of farm industry is creating such low prices for farm products that a fair compensation for their production is no longer received, and loss and suffering must ultimately ensue to the farming classes.

To the student of agriculture the necessity of a greater diversity of crops is yearly becoming more apparent, and the most inviting field that is presented is to produce such crops as our commercial needs demand from abroad, if they can be raised here, and I feel assured many of them can be, some in one part of the country and some in another. Here is a promising field for our agricultural college farms, one in which they can be of great aid. I proffer the full aid and sympathy of this Department in obtaining from any nation the seeds or plants of any product that we are now importing if, in the opinion of any of the agricultural colleges, such product would find a congenial home on the farm of such an institution. I expect to make such arrangements with our diplomatic and consular service as will enable me to secure all desirable plants and seeds from abroad.

Textile Fibers Imported.

The textile and other fibers imported, instead of diminishing with advances in agriculture and population, are rapidly increasing. In 1860 less than 8 tons of flax tow was imported and about 2,300 tons of hemp and 23,279 tons of jute and other fibers, the whole valued at little more than $2,000,000. In 1870 the flax fiber was increased to 1,927 tons and the hemp to 22,557 tons. The value of these unmanufactured fibers exceeded $6,000,000. In addition raw silk was introduced to the amount of 82,442,918 pounds, valued at $3,139,024.

In 1879 nearly 3,000,000 pounds of cotton were imported, three to four millions in subsequent years, and in 1884 7,000,000 pounds. With flax, hemp, jute, &c., the imports of 1879 exceeded in value $7,000,000. In 1880 and 1881 over ten millions annually, and for three years past about 7,000,000.

The importation of raw silk has increased immensely. The quantity imported last year was 3,222,546 pounds, valued at foreign ports of shipments at $12,481,496. Thus the original cost of all unmanufactured fibers, the raw material of manufactures, amounts to about $25,000,000, and with freight charges and possible interruptions not much less than $30,000,000 annually.

Fruits and Plants from Russia.

Perhaps it is not out of place to state here that I have already received from Mr. Leo. Weltz, of Wilmington, Ohio, a well known and intelligent nurseryman and fruit grower, with peculiar qualifications for this mission, to collect for this Department from the great Steppes of Russia such varieties of all kinds of fruit trees as he may believe will be perfectly hardy and find a natural home in the great northwest; also to secure such seeds of grasses, timber trees, and such shrubs and other plants as he thinks may be of value to that section.

As is well known the climate of the northwestern States is so severe that scarcely a variety of any of our fruit trees is exempt from destruction, while on the Steppes of Russia, in fully as severe a climate, scores of varieties of apples, pears, cherries, plums, and even apricots, are uninjured and produce large annual crops of fruit. These plants and seeds, when received by the Department, will, in large proportion, be distributed to the agricultural colleges in the States directly interested in them.

Mr. Weltz, intending to visit this country, this Department, at a very small cost, will be enabled, it is hoped, to secure varieties of fruit and timber trees and other plants that may be of almost inestimable value to that growing section of our country. I state this simply as an instance of what this Department will at all times be glad to do under my administration, if funds will admit, and likewise to show what instruments of good the agricultural college farms of the various States may become.

But the agricultural colleges need not depend solely upon this Department to carry on such experimental work. There should be enterprise enough among their friends and conductors to carry on the most important experiments for the welfare of their people. I know many of them are doing this already—most of them, in fact. All are doing a noble work, but a greater work is needed, and must be accomplished. I recognize the fact how limited are their means for this character of work, and I think appropriations by Congress should be made for special work of this character. Nothing would be of greater importance to such colleges, or to the agricultural classes of the various States.

Signal Service in Agricultural Colleges.

The practical utilization in agriculture of discoveries in meteorological science is an urgent necessity of the present time. The fact will not be disputed that too little has as yet been accomplished in this direction. There have been advances in meteorology, but its practical benefits have inured more to the advantage of commerce than of agriculture.

A partial system of observation was established in 1819, conducted by the surgeons at military posts, at the suggestion of Surgeon-General Lovell. In 1825 a system was established by the New York legislature, requiring teachers of academies that were recipients of the educational fund to take three observations daily. Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and other States afterwards entered upon similar observations.

In 1849 the Smithsonian Institution commenced its work of observation for the study of winter storms, for the collection of statistics illustrating the climate of North America, the average local temperatures and variations at different periods of the year. The dependence of agriculture upon meteorology became a prominent thought in the mind of Professor Henry, who commenced a series of annual reports upon agricultural meteorology, which were published in each volume of the agricultural reports of the Patent Office from 1855 to 1859, inclusive. In 1863, by arrangement between the Smithsonian Institution and the Department of Agriculture, the returns of observers were tabulated in the Department, and the results were published in both its monthly and annual reports from 1863 to 1870, inclusive.

Upon the accession of Judge Watts as Commissioner of Agriculture, this publication was discontinued, and the returns declined, in opposition to the judgment of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who was compelled to make a new arrangement for their tabulation and publication, which was ultimately made with the Signal Service.

I deem it a misfortune that the design of the scientific institution which the system originated was not carried to its ultimate beneficent results, as foreshadowed by the able preliminary work of Professor Henry. The inquiry may properly be suggested, in view of the great practical questions of agricultural meteorology to be solved, and the momentous importance of the industry to be benefited, whether Congress should not assign to the Department of Agriculture, in co-operation with the agricultural colleges, so much of the work of the Signal Service as pertains to agricultural meteorology. The suggestion should be promptly and wisely considered, the details of the plan of work agreed upon, and the action of Congress invoked at a very early day.

Members of Congress, especially those representing agricultural constituencies, will readily see the utility of a more practical agricultural meteorology and they will appreciate the necessity of placing such investigation in the hands of professors of agriculture in our institutions of industrial learning, with the co-operation of the Department of Agriculture. They can, and doubtless will, with alacrity and liberality, provide means to render efficient and valuable the investigations so desirable and promising in this direction. It is hoped that the discussions of this subject here will demonstrate conclusively the practicability and necessity of the plan proposed.

So far as this Department is concerned it will co-operate most heartily, most thoroughly with the agricultural colleges and experiment stations of the respective States of this nation. This convention was called for the purpose of forming a bond of union and of sympathy between this Department and the agricultural colleges of the country, and while under existing appropriations and usages it may not be able to do what its Commissioner might desire to have done, yet, year by year, it is hoped that the way will be opened to do still more in this direction, making the agricultural colleges of the country the experimental grounds of this Department, testing everything that may prove of value to the farmer, and finally distributing the seed and plants after a thorough test to the farmers of the respective States in which the colleges are located.

It is true, as I said, that the propriety of having a national experimental farm at the seat of Government, conducted by this Department, collecting from the four quarters of the globe everything that would be likely to be of value to our agriculture, testing, propagating, and distributing from this central national experimental farm to all sections of the country what would prove of special value to the agriculturists of these sections and, if I could go still further, I would have erected on that farm, which should be near the capital, a great permanent national or world's exposition, where the products of this country and of all nations might be shown side by side, that the people of this and of all nations might visit the capital city, and see not only the productions of America but of all the nations of the world.

I believe the day is coming when that which I now mention will be realized, for agriculture is the nursing mother of all our industries, and is entitled to such recognition, and in this exposition would bring with her her handmaids—manufactures and commerce.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1885.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

CHURCHILL AND PARNELL.

The new combination effected between the Tory party in England and the Parnellites, is one that causes profoundest surprise among men of all parties. The fact was made apparent in a last week's debate in the Commons, on a motion of Mr. Parnell, the famous Irish leader, to institute an inquiry into the Maamtrasna cases. In his spirited speech he gave an outline of the charges against the Dublin Castle authorities, to the effect that they had knowingly hanged innocent men, for the Maamtrasna murders, on perjured testimony, suborned by the crown solicitor, while permitting the escape of the real murderers, because their conviction would have divested the crime of its pretended political character. Mr. Parnell said he hoped the Conservatives would prove more reasonable than the Liberals, after the promises they had made. On the strength of a statement made by the chancellor of the exchequer, he subsequently withdrew his motion, but it had none the less produced its effect. The Liberals denounced the chancellor for allowing Mr. Parnell's charges against judges and juries to go unrebuked and even undisputed. They expressed the hope that a change of government did not mean the opening of prison doors.

Thereupon Lord Randolph Churchill eulogized Mr. Parnell for the calmness of his demeanor as well as for the argument he advanced in support of his motion. He likewise defended the chancellor against the attacks made upon him, and declared that the present government would successfully govern Ireland only by divesting itself of all responsibility for the acts of the late government, its predecessor. He said that if there had been a miscarriage of justice, it would be brought to light. A letter was read from Mr. Gladstone, eulogizing the recent administration of affairs in Ireland by Earl Spencer, representative of his party. Churchill thus proclaimed openly an alliance with the Irish Nationalist party. He has done what the late Liberal leader never ventured to do. Such an act on the part of the Tories of England may well be accounted equal to a political revolution. The like of it has never been seen in our day. The Conservatives have stolen a march on the Liberals by this proceeding, and completely flanked them. An Irishman finally dictates to the British Parliament, and the party in power stays in only by his favor. The only question is, how long Parnell's and the Irish triumph will last. Ireland in any case becomes a living factor in English politics, of which they cannot be rid until at least something like justice is done in the matter of self-government.

RUSSIAN AGGRESSION.

Many well informed people in England thoroughly believe in Russia's determination to force a war with England, if that shall necessarily be the result of its forcing a way to the Indian Ocean. A London correspondent of American journal cables word that every breeze from Herat continues to throw the political world into spasms and convulsions. Every one behind the scenes, he says, feels convinced that Russia intends, some day or other, to seize Herat and push on to the Indian Ocean. Russia is slowly but steadily preparing for the grand move. Thousands of miles of railway planned by the first engineers are already dotted in red ink on the Prussian staff maps of Central Asia and Afghanistan. Persia is already a mere vassal of Russia. A secret treaty authorizes the Czar's troops to march across Persian territory, and to be fed with Persian provisions. Russia has every thing in Central Asia all cut and dried. England continues to holster up the unpopular Ameer just as she has been bolstering up an unpopular Khedive. The British cabinet has only one course left open; a definite issue should at once be framed with Russia. Thus far but no farther, should be the watch-word. Now is the moment for England to strike. If she hesitates, she is very likely to get the worst of it. Lord Wolseley and nearly all the military and naval advisers of the government are convinced that the sooner the war comes off with Russia, the better.

THE FARMS AT THIS SEASON.

Making allowances for dry spells which have prevailed here and there over New England, the average farmstead of this section of the country presents, in the closing half of July, an appearance of healthy vegetation in its various departments that ought to gladden the heart and eyes of its working owner. The grass is thick and yields heavily. The orchards, though this is the odd year in point of bearing, are verdurous and shady. The cornfields are beginning to wave and rustle in the wayward winds. The springs are well supplied with pure and wholesome water. Ensilage is steadily gaining on the total of the farm area, and stands juicy and toothsome in its serried ranks. Root crops cover the ploughed and harrowed surface with their spreading air-consuming leaves. The pastures are green and attractive to the cattle that roam over them in quest of the short bites of sweet grass they love so well. The woodlands lift their leafy columns and hide the penetrating view with their dense masses of verdure. And walls, fences, and rocks are clothed with wild vines after a fashion which the hand of art never could expect to rival.

Local mishaps, as those consequent on tempest and flood, are naturally to be reckoned in, but it can be said that so far New England has this season been free from them. The farm barns will be burned, and the woods be destroyed by fire, but the face of this favored section has not been devastated as we read of in the distant sections of the country. Neither cyclone nor waterspout has visited us. The eye may look abroad on an expanding landscape of valley and hill and forest, dotted with peaceful farm houses, grazed with cattle, horses, and sheep, and covered with the varied promises of a generous harvest. If a great community like that of our farmers is not satisfied and grateful in such a contemplation, the fault is its own and should be resolutely eradicated. The reliable crop of New England is grass, and is likely to be always. Everything else in farming here depends on that: ensilage is but supplemental. The hay crop this year is to be a plenteous one, which means plenty for the farmers as well as for their stock. Corn may be late, though this weather is pulling it through with amazing rapidity. The flocks and herds are healthy; the feed is abundant; and on every farmer's roof the blessings of the poor are ready to descend.

CITY AND COUNTRY COUSINS.

It is when summer comes round again that the town and city resident remembers his or her country cousins with a living affection. At the time when everybody who can is going away into the country to rest and recreate, the comfortably situated country cousin is sure not to be forgotten. Oftentimes, perhaps much too often, the city cousin goes forth with bag and baggage, which includes children and possibly servant, to make a summer visitation upon the country cousin at his or her shaded and retired home, without the formality of an invitation, and perhaps without so much as a day's notice of the intended invasion. This it is that makes the latter wish he or she were not so tied down to the homestead by the necessity of looking after growing crops and caring for dependent stock of various kinds and sizes, but could hie away at pleasure to the springs or the coast, and meet the city refugees collected there on their own level. But it is of no use, and any infliction that may be designed apparently has to be submitted to. It is an unequal affair, and appeals to the better sense of the unheeding, if not selfish, city cousin for early and thorough correction.

The country cousins, some of them, used in former times to practise almost the same thing on their cousins of the cities, yet that was at a time when the cities were not much more than thriving towns, gaining only slow accessions of population. The more rapid growth of the cities has changed all these conditions in respect to visitations from the country relations, just as the pushing of railroads out in all directions from the central and larger cities has made it possible for the city relations to fly to any solitude they may choose, without being a burden to anybody. With this altered state of affairs, it is now becoming one of the delights of a comfortable and well-ordered home in the country to have city friends come out on an invitation to spend a limited time and enjoy themselves with perfect freedom. The country has more sweet and sincere pleasure to the city visitor in the summer time than the city visitor has to offer the country visitor in winter. In a roomy home and around it, such as the country can everywhere provide, there is no oppressive sense of being in the way felt by any visitor; but in the more close and confined limits of the city home, with only a furnace to supply needed warmth, the visitation of a mere handful of country cousins will cause an oppressive feeling like that of a crowd.

DOG DAYS.

The season whose name is so closely associated with the reign of Sirius, the dog-star, comes on to-day and ends September 6th. We recall the fact in our personal experience that there was no hotter day during the summer of 1846 than the 6th of September of that year. That dog-day season went out in a blaze, if it did not come in with one. The fierce heats of July now give place to a pasty sort of an atmosphere, doubtless the very condition needed for the chemical perfection of vegetation. As we took occasion to remark recently, any observer will not fail to note the great difference in the successive heats of June, July and August,—the first propelling vegetation, the second expanding its cells, and the third effecting the desired consummation of ripeness. The autumn suns that follow perform the mellowing work for fruits and tubers, and the storing up of the nutritive qualities in the grains of the later harvest. Our theory is that nature gives us the hint to keep quiet and be content with bare existence during the prevalence of this season. It is no time to work, and those who have put off work till this time are sure to find themselves fatally belated. The shrilling of the locusts in the noon heat and the cry of the crickets in the mown grass through the nights, are associations of the season that must have become familiar to the least attentive observer of life around him.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.

This body has been in session, according to announcement, during the past week at Saratoga, some fifteen hundred professional teachers being present, coming from the East, the West and the South. The headquarters of the convention were at Congress Hall, and the meetings were chiefly held in the Methodist church on Washington street, a handsome and commodious brick structure. Special meetings are held in various other churches and halls near the centre of the village. Among the educational men of distinction present were General John Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education, John D. Philbrick, W. S. Harris, President of the Concord School of Philosophy, T. W. Bickness, editor of the N. E. Journal of Education, W. E. Sheldon, Secretary of the Association, and E. C. Carrigan of the Massachusetts Board of Education. President Cleveland was invited, but felt obliged to decline. Senator Blair of New Hampshire was prevented by illness from delivering a promised address. The weather during the sessions of the convention put forth some vigorous illustrations of midsummer heat. Prof. Holt of Boston gave a highly interesting outline of his methods of instruction, illustrating them with a class of ten little girls from the Boston schools, who charmed the large audience with their sweet and accurate singing.

GETTING ANOTHER SLICE OF MEXICO.

It is rumored, and in terms of more than ordinary precision, that three interests, representing tens of millions of dollars, are engaged in organizing plans for the acquisition of Mexican territory. Covetous eyes have long been cast on the northern States of Sonora, Chihuahua, and Coahuita, and on Lower California. "Manifest destiny" is the spirit in which their future is viewed. They must belong to and become a part of the United States. Such is the sentiment and purpose of the thing. Speculators in mines and lands constitute the basis of the combination entertaining this design on Mexican territory. Managers of the scheme in the United States and in Mexico regard the present time as opportune for the prosecution of their project. It is claimed, first, that the acquisition of territory has always been popular in this country, in spite of a fierce opposition at the outset. Then the financial condition of Mexico is desperate, and all but hopeless unless relieved. The railroad bubble has burst, with loss and ruin to thousands of shareholders. The schemers want our government to pay 100 millions of dollars to Mexico and take the territory named, arguing that a large part of the purchase money would return to citizens of the United States, under conditions to be inserted in any treaty or acquisition.

MEXICAN MANAGEMENT.

Public affairs in Mexico, of late the cause of so much interest at home and abroad, are again in a quiescent state. Business confidence is reviving. The government is diligently seeking to find a way out of its financial difficulties, and cabinet meetings are of frequent occurrence. It is well understood that one of the serious subjects of discussion is that of the partial payment and pay of subsidies. The only question about it is said to be that of ability. The permanent committee of Congress has approved the President's decree relating to the consolidation of the debt and the funding of the floating debt. The introduction of cholera from Spain being greatly feared, the government is employing vigorous measures for its prevention. Regulations have been ordered for the disinfection of railway passengers and baggage at the northern frontier, in case cholera should make its appearance in the United States. The proposed British and Mexican commercial alliance is being discussed in the public journals. A Londoner comments in tones of extreme severity upon the conduct of Mexico toward its creditors, and declares that all American investments made for the development of that country are worse than thrown away.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL DIVISION. — The Commissioner of Agriculture has established, as a part of Professor Riley's division, a branch of investigation relating to economic ornithology. He has appointed Dr. C. Hart Merriam, a well-known ornithologist and secretary of the American Ornithologists' Union, a special agent, to take charge of this part of the work. Dr. Merriam will make his headquarters at Sing Sing, N. Y., until October 1, and after that time at Washington. The scope of the investigation will cover the entire field of interrelation of birds and agriculture, particularly from the entomologist's standpoint. The inquiry will relate primarily to the food habits of birds, but will include, also, the collection of data bearing on the migration and geographical distribution of North American species. In this last inquiry, the agricultural bureau hopes to have the co-operation of the American Ornithologists' Union, Dr. Merriam being at the head of the Union's committee on migration. This step shows the constant activity of Commissioner Colman in devising methods for enlarging the serviceableness of the agricultural bureau to the farmers of the country, and the steadiness of his purpose to develop agricultural interests—every legitimate way.

☞ *Cassell's Family Magazine* for August is full of attractive articles for the season, among which we name—A Diamond in the Rough, How We lived upon Wheels, Training against Troubles to Come, London by Night, Wife and I, etc. etc. It has also a numberless variety of brief articles on dress, fashion, health, amusement, and almost everything. The frontispiece is entitled A Summer Tryst. Cassell & Co., limited, publishers, 739 & 741 Broadway, New York.

☞ *Science* for July is a sanitary number, containing articles on sanitation, quarantines, yellow fever, soils and health, city wells, the consumptive period, comfort and longevity, animal diseases and public health, house drainage, and the Berlin Exhibition of hygiene in 1882-83. Also a map of the proposed Tehuantepec ship-railway, and illustrations of the appliances to be used on it. Published by The Science Company, Cambridge, Mass.

☞ The Report of the Fish and Game Commissioners for 1885 has been issued, the frontispiece being a plan of the fishway at Amoskeag Falls. The pages are plentifully interspersed with timely illustrations. A series of salmon and trout portraits accompanies the Report, for an early copy of which the *Ploughman* is indebted to George W. Riddle, Esq., of New Hampshire, chairman of the Board of Commissioners.

☞ *Cassell's Family Magazine* for August has for its frontispiece the picture of a charming young lady sitting back in her Victoria. Miss Alice O'Hanlon's capital story "A Diamond in the Rough," has reached its thirty-first chapter and goes on interestingly to the end. It is followed by a lively sketch, "How we lived upon Wheels," a description of four vans that were rigged up by a husband and wife for a holiday trip. They were to friends every night. Besides the drivers, and they camped out, as it were, in movable houses. The first part of a descriptive article on "The Postmen of the World," by Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, follows. The present paper describes the rural postmen, as the most prized postal service, from the Chinamen who plods his weary miles through the heat, with his umbrella over his head and his despatches on his back, to the United States mails with their swift carrying trains and their thousands of employees. The Family Doctor, who follows, advises training against troubles to come; "Cumberland Statesmen" is the subject of a short essay; the subject of "Gymnastics for Girls" is discussed, and there is another paper on "London by Night." The strong points of "Some Great English Painters" are dwelt upon and illustrated, and for those who do not care for the mysteries of the palette and to whom the mysteries of the palate are more interesting, will find some valuable suggestions for the making of "Sauces for Fish, Flesh, and Fowl," and some excellent hints regarding the prevailing fashions in the Paris letter. Catherine Owen gives an account of that wonderful People's University, the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and "The Gatherer" keeps us posted in all that is new in the way of useful inventions. Serials, short stories, poetry, pictures and music enliven the pages of this admirable magazine and makes it a welcome visitor.—Cassell & Company, Limited, New York, $1.50 a year.

☞ *The Hunter's Handbook* is a reasonable little volume containing a description of all articles required in camp, with hints on provisions and stores, and receipts for camp cooking, prepared by "an old hunter." It will make a perfect *vade mecum* for campers at this season, and should be in their hands everywhere. One chapter is devoted to the treatment of drowning, wounds, stings, and the like. Another is a welcome one on the signs of the weather. To those not hunters or campers it will read almost like a romance. Lee and Shepard, publishers, Boston.

☞ *The Reading Club*, containing fifty selections in prose and poetry, is the fourteenth in the series of these popular little books in paper covers, edited by George M. Baker. Lee and Shepard, publishers.

☞ No. 1, New Series, Bulletin, of the New York Agricultural Experiment Station is issued, fully informing the public of progress at the Station, E. Lewis Sturtevant, Director.

READ AND RUN.

— The British Parliament is expected to be prorogued August 7.

— The belief is becoming general in Pittsfield that the late Mr. Dunbar of that town committed suicide on the night of the 4th.

— A locomotive is being built in the shops of the Fitchburg railroad that has been in constant use for twenty seven years. During the whole of that time it has used the same fire box and flues.

— The churches of the city are closing for the summer, and the pastors are off on their usual vacations.

— A colored New Orleans minister professes to see symptoms of decay in the white race.

— In the matter of longevity in this country Connecticut leads. The larger part of the very old people in that State are women. A recent investigator found one hundred ministers who have passed the century limit.

— The time has by no means passed when a visitation of cholera is possible. Yet no cases have so far been reported, and the fear of it reasonably diminishes from week to week.

— Minister Phelps is reputed to be the best bird shot in Vermont.

— Beer is becoming fashionable in Paris and even taking the place of wine.

— Compound surnames are quite common in England, being now obtainable by royal license. As a rule, the later name is used as a prefix.

— The Apache Indians have smoke signals by day and fire beacons by night, and systems of telegraphy understood only by themselves.

— In the principal market of the world all kinds of merchandise have fallen in price during the last ten years, from one-sixth to one-third on the average.

— There is no limit yet discernible to the making of great guns.

— After the inauguration of Jefferson there was a revival of the celebration of the Fourth of July.

— Gen. Grant is expected to clear fully $400,000 from the sale of his book.

— The Richard Borden estate, one of the most beautiful in Fall River, was sold last week for $30,000.

— The emperor of Germany has presented the Sultan of Turkey with a fine team of four horses.

— A justice in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has been fined five dollars for keeping an unlicensed dog.

— Senator Dorsey has dissolved partnership with the Polo Blanco Cattle Company, and takes away as his share about 25,000 head of cattle and the finest ranch in New Mexico.

— The brick-makers of Chicago and Berlin are out on strikes.

— English has superseded French as the language of diplomacy in the far East.

— A party of yachtsmen on board one of our coasting steamers, who were clad in the most approved nautical garments, were recently seen going through the spasms of seasickness, although the water was far from rough.

— According to the Federal census, the average wages for workers in factories is $347 in the whole country.

— One of the large elephants of the herd belonging to the Barnum show became enraged at it its keeper and struck him with its trunk and throwing him to the ground at a distance. The man was seriously injured. The beast was subdued by the other keepers prodding it with sharp forks.

— More people than ever before have stayed several days on the top of Mt. Washington, this season, learning that it pays to get good views after arriving there.

— The question still awaits an answer, how coal dealers can afford to sell 2240 pounds of coal to the ton for general consumption at lower prices than they sell 2000 pounds to the ton to individual consumers. Rut they do it.

— Ex-President Arthur has been fishing for salmon in Canadian waters.

— Though President Cleveland is a practised fisherman, he is by no means the scientific fisherman that Ex-President Arthur is.

— A resident correspondent says it is the fashion this year in Newport to pretend to be poor, whether you are so or not. Nobody there, however, believes it will last very long.

— Japanese napkins, two for a cent by the hundred, are becoming a common thing with us hereabouts.

— It is the cowboys, the cattle men, and the land leasing, that has made all the trouble with the Cheyennes.

— John Roach, the well-known shipbuilder, has failed, and made an assignment of his property for the benefit of his creditors. It was the result of the recent decision of Secretary Garland. He pledges himself to pay every cent he owes.

— Secretary Manning, of the Treasury, has issued a circular to manufacturers and others interested in industrial art, calling for information respecting the feasibility of simplifying the tariff and making the duty on imported articles specific, so far as they are made or produced in this country.

— The Colorado locust and grasshopper stories prove to be nothing more than a scare.

— Rev. Dr. Prime, best known as the editor of the New York Observer, died in Manchester, Vt., last Saturday, the 18th inst., in his seventy-third year.

— The old-time stage-coach has not yet entirely disappeared from New England, and the hope is publicly expressed that its days may not be numbered for many years to come.

— The party of Mexican journalists are receiving cordial attentions in all our chief cities.

— The reports from the wide and expanding circuit of the summer hotels in the mountains and on the coast show that they are now in their full annual glory.

— Russia is engaged in an attempt to raise a new loan.

— A boom has indeed set in in the stock market, and at midsummer, too.

— The railroad from Bombay to Calcutta is only second in length to that crossing the American continent, and stretches in a straight line across a level plain 2,200 miles long. The trains are all Englishmen.

— Archibald Forbes, the distinguished London newspaper correspondent, is writing the life of the Emperor of Germany, with special reference to his military campaigns.

— A strike of 20,000 cotton-mill operatives is threatened in England.

— In ministerial circles in Great Britain, no mention is made of a quarrel with Russia. Nevertheless, measures for the defence of India are being hurried forward. Gen. Lord Wolseley will probably be given the chief command in India.

—American railway securities are at present strong in the London market, with generally higher prices.

— More than twenty-five per cent. of the population of Philadelphia is engaged in manufacturing.

— The Russians appear to be anything but willing to remain quiet in Afghanistan. At last accounts, they were treating the Persian territory as if it were Russian. They have advanced in force to Zulfikar Pass. Afghans are reported to be anxious, but as determined to resist any attempt to seige their territory. The belief is that the commander of the Russian advance is determined to force on a war, and be deceiving even the Czar as to his real intentions.

☞ *The Ross Ensilage Cutter*, an illustrated view of which may be had in another column, has working qualities that command the ready attention of all farmers engaged in packing silos. Parker & Wood would offer no farm machine of this kind to the public whose qualities needed artificial propping. What this Cutter will do their advertisement fairly states. The Hildreth Horse Power is another of the implements whose valuable properties in rendering farm service they guarantee. Their illustrated catalogue fully informs the purchasers of such machines of the variety and excellence of their stock of farm machines and implements.

ACTON'S ANNIVERSARY.

The celebration of the 150th anniversary of the town of Acton took place Tuesday, 21st. inst. There was a salute of 150 guns in the morning by a squad of artillerymen from Concord, using pieces dedicated by the Legislature to the memory of Major Butrick and Capt. Isaac Davis, who led at the Concord fight, the latter the first officer killed in the regular engagement in the Revolutionary War. The church bells of the town were rung at sunrise, at noon and at sunset. The front of the Town Hall was decorated with patriotic emblems, and bore the motto:

1735–1885.

To the Past.....Bravo!
To the Future.....Hail!

There was also a display of fireworks in the evening by Masten & Wells. One of the unique features of the celebration in the evening was the exhibition of a transparency presenting the portrait of the wife of Capt. Isaac Davis. The usual oration, dinner and toasts were omitted, but when the impartial history of the town shall be written it will be found to be as honorable and to contain as many passages of thrilling interest as that of any town in the Commonwealth.

☞ Is your back lame? It is a solid fact that the only sure cure for diseases of the kidney, liver, bladder, is Hunt's Remedy.

—The New England Sunday School Assembly began its sixth annual fortnight in the tented grove at Lake View, South Framingham, last week. The whole camping business is done on an entirely new system.

☞ Disordered liver and kidneys will produce rheumatism and neuralgia. All liver and kidney diseases are cured by Hunt's Remedy.

N. E. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ANNUAL FAIR AT BANGOR.

[Correspondent Boston Herald.]

The annual Fair of the New England Agricultural Society to be held in Bangor next September, is awakening a good deal of interest in this State, notwithstanding the farmers are engrossed in the haying season, and it would seem, could scarcely have thought for anything else. It will take place conjointedly with the annual fair of the young and energetic Eastern Maine State Association, of which Editor Bass of the Commercial is president. There appears to be a determination to make the exhibition a complete success, judging from the earnest manner in which the early preparations have commenced.

While the agricultural resources of the State will be generously displayed, and the best representatives of our fine breeds of cattle and sheep, as well as the choicest samples of our dairy products, the most prominent and probably the most attractive feature of the exhibition will be the show of horses. The horse stock of the Pine Tree State was never better than it is now, and there is scarcely a stable but what has first class bred animals. It is the breeding of such stylish handsome limbed, fine gaited stock that has caused a greater demand than ever for Maine horses by Boston and New York horsemen.

Besides gentlemen's driving horses, our trotters this year are making an excellent showing, and from present indications, an unusual number are likely to pass under the wire with a record that may surprise many. There seems to be a larger number of promising colts than have ever been raised before, handsome, rugged youngsters, that already show a merry clip. Many of these are already being handled with a view of entering them in the coming struggles for the front.

The purses that will be offered at the Fair in the trial of speed will be generous and sufficiently attractive to bring the more noted specimens of horseflesh from other States in the New England. The Provinces of Nova Scotia and the British Provinces have promised some of their best strains of animals to compete for the prizes. There is every reason to believe that the show of horses, even if it should be confined to Maine's representation alone, will be the finest and largest ever beheld in this State. Bangor is easily accessible by rail and steamboat, and visitors to the Fair will find no trouble in getting there from the most distant points in New England, so far the facilities for transportation are concerned.

MASS EXPERIMENT STATION.

[Amherst Record.]

The board of control held their regular quarterly meeting at the Station July 14, and adopted the original plan for a new laboratory for the station. E. A. Ellsworth, architect and city engineer of Holyoke, graduate of agricultural college in 1871, submitted plans carrying out the ideas of Dr. Goemann, and he was instructed to make out a bill of specifications and contract, and receive and open their bids, keeping within the $6,000 appropriated by the Legislature for the building of a suitable laboratory. The building will be 31 by 42 feet and will have two wings, each 18 by 32 feet. It will be located at the north end of the grounds, between the two villages, and will be a substantial building. It will be two stories high, the material being granite rock-faced ashlar to the water-tables and above this brick with brown stone and terra-cotta trimmings. A portion of the building will be devoted to the analysis department, one wing for fertilizers and the other for milk and special subjects. There will be rooms for the directors, offices and cabinets and work will begin on it at once.

☞ Hall's Hair Renewer is the least troublesome to apply, and the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

—The Indianapolis Sentinel says there will be a fair wheat crop of course, but not so large that farmers will not get a better price for it than they have been getting. The fall corn crop, which means a good hog crop, and with only wheat enough to cause a higher price, it says that everybody will have enough to eat, and the farmers' produce bring better prices.

NOTHING MADE IN VAIN.

We are told that nothing was made in vain; but what can be said of the fashionable girl of the period? Isn't she maiden vain? Hood's Sarsaparilla is made in Lowell, Mass., where there are more bottles of it sold than of any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier. And it is by its merit, and by its power to purify the blood, strengthens the system, and gives new life and vigor to the entire body. 100 doses $1.

—A woman aged ninety-three in New Hampshire has just taken her first dose of medicine.

☞ Use Dr. Warren's Bilious Bitters for Torpid Liver.

— The fires that have been burning in the cranberry bogs and timber lands of southern New Jersey have been largely extinguished by the recent rainfall. About 64,000 acres of land have been burned over in Burlington and Camden counties, and the damage is immense. The cranberry vines are destroyed for at least two years.

☞ THE EFFECTS AFTER TAKING ADAMSON'S Botanic Balsam are a soothing and controlling influence over any cough or cold, promoting rest, allaying the tickling sensation in the throat, and causing a healthy expectoration.

— Collie dogs have been trained at the Cape of Good Hope to the new service of herding ostriches, and they perform their work with great sagacity. The birds are wonderfully cowed in the presence of dogs, when they show the most fierceness to man and animals in the breeding season.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

— President McCosh of Princeton College is credited with the statement that the age of four beef cows is the best at which to add nine or ten years is the best at which to as a tempt to acquire a knowledge of languages. A child of that age, he says, can learn more easily than a person of twenty five.

☞ RHEUMATISM of the heart and all forms of Heart Disease yield to the use of Dr. GRAVES' HEART REGULATOR. Those that use praise it. Free pamphlet of F. E. Ingalls, Cambridge, Mass. $1.00 per bottle at druggists.

— A four feet alligator was encountered in Flushing Bay on the shore, by some boys who were walking there a few days ago, one of whom narrowly escaped being bitten by the savage reptile.

☞ Purify your blood, tone up the system, and regulate the digestive organs by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

—King Leopold of Belgium has received a consignment of one dozen native Africans in good order and condition, as a contribution to the Antwerp exhibition.

☞ Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—

Important Discoveries

facts: That the greatest evils have often had their rise from causes which were deemed, originally, of too little importance to occasion solicitude; and that fatal results proceed from the neglect of trivial ailments. Philip G. Raymond, Duluth, Minn., writes: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Kidney Complaint, from which I had suffered for years." The transmission of a message over a

Telegraph Telephone

wire is not a more positive proof of the electric current, than are pimples and boils of the contamination of the blood by impure matter. Albert H. Stoddard, 59 Rock St., Lowell, Mass., says: "For years my blood has been in a bad condition. The circulation was so feeble that I suffered greatly from numbness of the feet and legs. I was also afflicted with boils. After taking three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla my blood circulates freely, and I have no boils or numbness." Like an

Electric Lighting

shock, the pains of Rheumatism dart through the body. Rheumatism is a blood disease, and needs an alterative treatment. Charles Foster, 370 Atlantic ave., Boston, Mass., says: "Two years ago I was prostrated by Rheumatism. I tried a variety of remedies, with little benefit, until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This helped me, and, at the end of the fifth bottle, I was entirely cured." Miss A. Atwood, 113 I St., South Boston, Mass., says: "I have been ill a long time, from poverty of the blood and abscesses.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Sarsaparilla has had the effect of toning me up so that I called two doctors less." Rye flour, $4 60@4 85. Wheat flour, No. 2 spring, 89@c. No. 2 red, 90@c. Corn, No. 2 mixed, 46@c. Oats, No. 2 white, 36@c. Barley, No. 2, 56@c. Rye, No. 2, 70@c. Corn lower, 46@c. Oats easy; No. 2 white, 36@c. Rye very steady; No. 2, 70@c.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Sold by all druggists. Price $1; six bottles for $5.

Stover Windmill.

HIGHEST AWARD AT THE CENTENNIAL.
HIGHEST AWARD AT MASS. CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOC'N, 1884.
And Numerous other Medals & Diplomas.

THE SIMPLEST MILL MADE

This OLD and RELIABLE Windmill has now been in use for over 13 Years, and persons intending to employ this economical method of water supply either for *Residences, Farms, Dairies, Stock, Institutions*, Town and Village Water Service or other purposes, will find it for their advantage to call upon us or send for Catalogue. This mill requires less attention than any other mill made, a *special feature* being the *anti-friction ball gearing* upon which the turn table rests and turns. This will commend itself at once to any mechanic, as of great importance, as *no oiling* is required here, and friction is reduced to the lowest point, thus allowing the wheel to move *quickly* into the wind and commence work. The Workmanship and FINISH is of a superior order, and satisfaction is always guaranteed.

PUMPS, TANKS, PIPE and all other fittings furnished and ESTIMATES given.

Written testimonials from our customers may be seen at our office,

HENRY W. PEABODY & CO.,
New England Agents, Mason Building, Liberty Sq., Boston. jly4-13t

Dr. Carson's Nerve Tonic,
FOR MEN.

This medicine has been used by me in my practice for many years, for the treatment of Nervous Prostration, Absent Mindedness, Mental Derangement, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency and all affections of the Kidneys and Generative Organs, which is the most grating and trying ordeal to which the human frame is subject, but it has saved the lives and restored the health of thousands, who, had it not been for its timely help, would have ended their days in untold misery, or have sunk into premature graves. I am now giving up the active practice of medicine, and desire to place this TONIC where it will do the most good. I have therefore had it put up in pill form, so as to send it through the mail to all parts of the world. Hundreds of testimonials of positive cures of cases which have been pronounced "incurable," are now in my office, which were accomplished solely by the use of the NERVE TONIC. A large and varied experience has proved that no remedy is known to the profession will restore lost vitality more rapidly and permanently than this. Every form of Nervous Weakness, especially that of the Generative Organs, such as Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, &c., is speedily overcome by it, and often by a single box. Below is an indorsement of it by the distinguished editor of HEALTH AND HOME, Dr. Hale, who knows of its virtues *by having used it successfully in his own large and lucrative practice.*

SINGLE BOX, $1.00; SIX BOXES, $5.00.

Address DR. CARSON, 723 Twelfth Street, Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 15th, 1884.

We have known Dr. Carson for several years, and we know what he states in the above advertisement to be literally true. During the time he has resided in this city he has done much more than the doctor claims for it. He is an honest and reliable physician.

W. H. HALE, M. D.,
Editor HEALTH AND HOME.

LOVE AT FOURSCORE.

A couple were recently united in matrimony in this vicinity, writes the East Greenwich correspondent of the Providence Journal, whose early attachment was renewed after a lapse of more than half a century. The parties were both in the year 1806, and in due time became lovers, but a formal engagement was broken by a foolish quarrel, and the ring being returned to the indignant swain, was ground to a shapeless mass beneath his angry heel. They went separate ways, and each in time found other lips to kiss. Alliances were formed, and as time rolled on, fortunes were married and heart-ties broken. After more than fifty years each was again alone and free. Memory brought to the aged widower in his loneliness the picture of a youthful face that had once been dearer to him than all the world beside, and quickly elicited the fact that death had entered her home since she was free. His home was in the West, but hoping on a visit to Rhode Island relatives in the summer of 1884, he expected to meet here his old acquaintance and former fiancee. She, however, had gone to visit friends in the West, and before the frost of autumn had tinged the woods with the hues of the rainbow the aged lover in disappointment returned to his Western home, and inquiry elicited the fact that she whom he sought had returned to Rhode Island. A correspondence then ensued, and the ardent lover came once more to Rhode Island, and this time there was no disappointment. Both were changed by the busy fingers of time, but hearts were yet warm and full of old memories. Wrinkles, gray hair and the weight of years were all forgotten in the renewal of a broken troth, which culminated in a happy wedding.—*Journal.*

BITTEN BY A RATTLESNAKE.

STOUGHTON, July 19.—On Thursday a five-year old son of George Putnam, living at Stony Fork, Unga county, was returning home from driving his cows to pasture. He left his base feet. On his way he stopped at the roadside to pick some raspberries. While he stood in the bushes he felt a sharp sting on the instep of his left foot. He ran crying home and told his mother that he had scratched his foot on the briars. The foot was already much swollen. His mother picked from the flesh what she at first supposed was a briar, but, as the swelling in the foot increased and extended to the ankle, she became alarmed, the indications being unmistakably that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake, which reptiles are not uncommon in the neighborhood.

The sufferings of the boy were intense. A messenger was sent for a doctor. Pending his arrival a live chicken was cut in two, and the warm flesh applied to the wound. The boy was plied freely with whiskey, and although a pint was administered to him in a short time he was not made insensible to the pain.

A member of the family went to the spot where the boy stopped to pick the berries, and discovered a rattlesnake in the grass. It was killed, and one of its fangs was missing. The snake was split in two, and their parts placed on the boy's foot, this being, according to tradition, an infallible cure. The foot and leg continued to swell, and the boy's parents were such that he could with difficulty be held in bed.

When the doctor arrived he treated the boy with antidotes, but gave it as his opinion that he could not live. At last accounts he was living, but no hope of recovery was entertained.

A PHENOMENAL WATERING PLACE.—Mt. Desert is a phenomenal watering place, combining as it does the scenery of the mountains and the seashore, and, despite the fashionable tendencies, still commanding the patronage of people who rebel in summer against the sway of the dress coat. Flannel outdoor dresses are still worn at Bar Harbor, and it will probably be impossible to deprive a resort so favored by nature for simplicity of living of the characteristics of its best days. Cottage life here is a safeguard against the vulgar ostentation which sometimes offends visitors at fashionable hotels.—[Boston Advertiser.

☞ The proportion of butter in milk is much more easily influenced by changes of food than the proportion of caseine; therefore the high breeding of cattle is more advantageous when the milk is used for butter than when it is used for cheese.

ABOUT A HORSE.

[Boston Courier.]

In a certain town in Massachusetts resides a gentleman who is well known to lovers of horses throughout the neighboring region, whose name is R——. He is an enthusiastic horseman, a skillful rider and the proprietor and manager of a very popular riding school. Some years ago he bought, out of a drove of horses, a little Broncho, or Californian mustang, which pleased his fancy, but which proved to be quite uncontrollable. The horse was small, but well made, full of spirit, of a light chestnut color and "with the finest legs," (as I have been assured) "on any horse in Massachusetts." It was evident that he would be an excellent saddle horse—if he chose; but this was exactly what he didn't do. R—— himself is not accustomed to being beaten by any horse, but after numberless trials, in one of which he was thrown five times in one afternoon, he was fain to give it up as a bad job. The horse was amiable enough and much like other horses except in two particulars:— he declined to allow any one to ride him, and he had antipathies. Certain persons he could not and would not have about him. As soon as one of these persons entered the stable our broncho would make his dissatisfaction known beyond any doubt, and it would not be at all safe for the stranger to be within ten feet of him. It was entirely uncertain upon what this aversion was founded and no one could tell beforehand what his reception might be, although with most visitors the animal got on very pleasantly.

The Broncho had been "eating his head off," as the saying is, for some time, when one pleasant morning a stranger presented himself and asked for Mr. R——. He was much after the Buffalo Bill style of individual, tall, dark, with long hair and a wide brimmed hat. He said:— "I understand you've got a horse here that there can't nobody ride."

"Yes," replied R——. "I have a horse that is a little difficult."

"Well," said the stranger, "I've a notion of riding him. Have ye any objections?"

"Not at all, only he's rather a tough customer, and you may get hurt."

"Pshaw! I'm a horse-breaker, I am. You fetch him out and I'll ride him fast enough."

"Very well," said R——. "I shall be very much pleased if you do."

Thereupon he proceeded to the stall, led out the horse, removed the halter, and holding him by the forelock looked about for the bridle, which hung from a peg a few steps away. The horse-breaker stepped forward briskly and said, "Let me hold him, while you get the saddle and bridle."

"Very well," said R——; "only look out for yourself."

The stranger seized the forelock and R—— turned to reach the bridle. In an instant, and all at once he heard a scuffle, a fall, a loud yell and a trampling. Quick as a flash he turned and there was our long haired friend on the floor, with the little mustang rearing over him and trampling him with his forefeet. R—— sprang to the man and dragged him away, drove off the horse and carried the half senseless horse-breaker across the stable to his office, where he placed him on a lounge and stripped off his jacket and shirt. The unfortunate man had more than a dozen cuts and bruises on his face and chest, and in fact had, in three seconds, been pretty thoroughly used up. R—— bathed his wounds, applied liniment, administered brandy and water and worked over him for an hour. At the end of that time he conveyed him to the station and shipped him to the city, a much dejected man.

Some months after this incident another "horsey" looking person appeared, announced himself as a professional horse-trainer, intimated his conviction that he could ride anything with four legs under it, said that he had heard of the broncho, and many asked how much it would be worth to have him ridden and effectually brought under. Mr. R—— said that he would'nt mind making a present of twenty-five dollars to the man who would bring about this long-desired result, and these preliminaries being fairly settled the untamed steed was once more led forth. This time he was saddled and bridled without any trouble, when R—— suggested that it might be well to take him down to the pasture, explaining, as delicately as possible, that in case of a tumble the grass would be softer than the gravel of the stable yard. This friendly proposal was received with scorn and rejected with contempt, and the stranger mounted and set forth. He was, in fact, a man of great reputation as a horse-breaker, ranking almost with the famous Rarey, and Mr. R—— had strong hopes that he would be able to pay his twenty-five dollars and thereafter to ride his horse, or at least his animal started off quite gaily and matters promised well, but as he issued from the stable and found himself in the open air he bucked, quietly but viciously, the professional gentleman sailed upward, described the proper parabola, and descended head-first onto the gravel. When he picked himself up he displayed a countenance much furrowed and scratched, and bleeding freely. He discovered some excitement and announced his intention to "ride the d—d brute if it killed him." Again Mr. R—— suggested the pasture and this time no objection was offered. Arrived at the pasture, R—— held the horse and the stranger approached in order to mount. The horse crouched and R—— who had learned his habits, knew that this meant danger, so he called to the man to "look-out." The horse-trainer's blood was up, however, and he paid no attention to the warning. In order to get to the other side of the horse he passed behind him. Quick as thought the broncho lashed out, caught the man in the chest with both heels and sent him, whirling, reeling and staggering, till he fell to the ground thirty feet away. R—— was greatly alarmed, but whether it was that the man, being a horse-breaker, was accustomed to such little affairs, or for some other reason, he was not killed, but only very badly shaken up. He, also, was escorted to the station, and departed minus a considerable portion of his old-time happy confidence in his ability to "ride anything with four legs under it," and R—— kept his twenty-five dollars.

At last, by the advice of a friend, he sent the little horse to pasture in Weymouth. At the end of two weeks he returned a changed broncho. The trainer came with him, and in order to assure the owner of what he had accomplished he not only rode the horse, but he backed up against the animal's rump and stooping down, caught hold of his hind legs and lifted them off the ground. In short he pushed him about and generally treated him as if he had been a nice old cow.

What magic he had employed R—— never new, but the conversion of the Californian was complete. He is now a favorite with lady riders, and men who have ridden him declare that he is perfection. Although he is small, he has something about him, perhaps a native dignity, which enables him always to seem just large enough for his rider. He strikes a canter which is as near the rocking-chair motion as can be and keeps it up for any length of time, since it never seems to occur to him to become tired. His experience at Weymouth has not broken his spirit; it seems only to have brought him into more friendly relations with the man, and if either of the gentlemen whom he is so ably discomfited in his wild youth could be induced to try him again, (which is very doubtful) they would find no occasion for selecting turf rather than gravel, nor would there be any necessity for brandy-and-water or the "celebrated Mustang Linime t.

CAPE COD CRANBERRY CROP.—*Provincetown, July 20, 1885.*—Reports from this and neighboring towns on the lower end of the cape indicate a favorable condition of the cranberry bogs for an average crop. In some localities, the vine worm is doing considerable damage, otherwise the vines are budding out well, and prospects for a crop are probably fully up to last year. Quite a number of new bogs have been made and are looking well.

☞ Mr. Shillahar, the "Mrs. Partington," is over seventy and a cripple. For thirty years rheumatism has tortured him, and he has completely lost the use of his lower limbs. Locomotion, save in a wheeled chair, is impossible with him. He can neither stand nor walk, but while in these respects he is as helpless as a babe, his general health is sound, his appetite generous, and his spirits are unclouded. Some of the funniest of his sayings have been written when he was in acute pain.

☞ Ex-President Arthur is an ardent fisherman, and President Cleveland also uses the rod and line while off on his annual vacations. These two facts wrought in the mind of Bije Jarman, the owner of Jarman's Falls, a plan to get Arthur and Cleveland together for a spell of fishing. Jarman controls a stretch of salmon stream in Canada, and he would like to popularize it. He has assured Mr. Cleveland that a sure surcease from the politicians could be secured by throwing himself into the society of Mr. Arthur for a month of fishing.

☞ As soon as pastures fail, some provision should be made for extra feed, as the milk yield once decreased is not brought quite up to the old standard, even with the best feeding. Whatever diminishes the yield even for a day, becomes thus an injury during the entire season.

☞ Milk containing an abundance of large globules is best for butter making, as the cream thus rises quickly and perfectly. Milk with small globules is probably best for cheese making, as a more even distribution of fat throughout the curd is then obtained.

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss. Probate Court.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of ASAHEL BALCOM, late of Maynard, in said County, deceased.

Greeting.

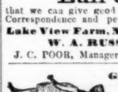
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by ASAHEL BALCOM, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of July instant, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Massachusetts Ploughman, printed in Boston, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BRASTER, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this second day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

jly11-3t



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Every one owning trees should use our new protector, because:

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2. Being corrugated prevents its sagging when on the tree.
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Send for Circular. Wesleyan Building, Boston. Lady attendant.

THE FARM BUILDINGS of John Crawford in Palmyra, Me., were burned Tuesday forenoon, together with contents. Loss $3500; insured $2100.

POSTAL SERVICE IN JAPAN.

[Cassell's Magazine for August.]

In no country in the world is the postal organization more wonderful than in Japan, the chief marvel being that, till about a dozen years ago, there was no regular government institution of posts in the country. In 1871, when Japan awakened like a giant from her long sleep of exclusiveness and set to work to accomplish changes of every sort, she resolved to establish the European postal system; and with such astonishing zeal has she done her work that within 10 years the British, American and French postoffices, which had been established at all the open ports were closed, foreign nations being satisfied with the thoroughness of the Japanese postal system. In that short period mail routes had been organized over 50,000 miles; mail trains and steamers, post vans and runners were all enlisted; 3927 postoffices and 7439 letter boxes had been established; money order offices and post office saving banks were in full operation; 7500 persons were employed on the regular staff; stamps, stamped envelopes, post cards and newspaper wrappers were issued at the same rate as her own, letter postage to any part of the empire being at the rate of one penny and post cards a half penny; while within the limits of the city of Tokio these postages are respectively only half price.

Where the postoffice had thus started at full swing, it is needless to say that the telegraph was not forgotten; and by 1880 it was in full working order over a distance of about 10,000 miles and giving employment to about 15,000 persons.

KILLED BY MISTAKE.

SAN DOMINGO, July 1.—A sad affair happened here on Sunday evening, June 28, by which John Platt, a carpenter belonging in Yonkers, N. Y., was killed. Platt had come to this city to conduct repairs on a building. He took up quarters at the hotel San Pedro. Among the guests at the hotel was ex-president Sesario, who had returned to San Domingo from exile about three months ago, a pardon having been granted to all exiles and political offenders. The authorities suspected that Sesario was again engaged in plots against the government, and on the evening of the 28th ultimo, sent four officers and a guard of nine men with muskets to arrest him. The officers entered Sesario's room on the ground floor of the hotel and ordered him to surrender. Instead of complying the ex-president drew his revolver and fired. He then blew out the light and escaped from the room. The officers and guard fired at him, but none of the bullets struck the object of their aim. One, however, struck Sesario's wife, inflicting a slight wound. Sesario rushed up stairs and blowing out the only light burning in the hall, managed to elude his pursuers, who followed him to the upper floor. Mr. Platt, who was lying in a hammock in his room, got up to ascertain the cause of the great noise in the house. As he opened his door and stepped out into the hall, the guard saw him and in the darkness presumably mistook him for Sesario. Nine muskets were instantly raised and fired at the unfortunate man, at a distance of only 20 feet. Five balls struck Platt, two of them passing through his body and lodging in the wall, and another striking him in the throat and breaking his spinal column. He fell dead immediately. The killing caused considerable commotion in the American colony, in which the dead man was well liked.

HOW A REVOLT WAS CHECKED.

NEW YORK, July 20. The revolt of the eighty prisoners at the Kings County Penitentiary was continued this morning. Most of the strikers became quiet yesterday, and the leaders promised if they were taken from the dark cells in which they were confined they would go to work this morning. Warden Green concluded to trust them. He placed them in their regular cells and gave them the regular meals with the other prisoners, and supposing the revolt was over went down town. When he returned to the prison he found the keepers in a great state of excitement. Some of the prisoners finding that the Warden was away began shouting and yelling again, and one of the leaders, named Thomas Tivey, alias John McGuire, had made a speech to the convicts from his cell, telling them to pretend this morning that they were going to work, but when they got into the shoe shop to seize any instrument they could get their hands on, murder the keepers and then make their escape. The convicts promised to stand by him. When the Warden returned and was informed of Tivey's speech, he went to his cell and told him he was a coward and that he should bring him out and own his manhood. Tivey swore if he opened the cell he would brain him with the stool. The other convicts shouted "We'll throw the keepers over the tiers." All of the 39 cells have to be opened when they want to take a prisoner out, but the Warden having said he could take Tivey out, summoned his keepers and ordered them to shoot the first convict who put his body outside of the cell door. The lever was then turned and every cell door was opened, but not a convict attempted to come out. The Warden went in and took Tivey from his cell and then had two of the keepers give him a dozen lashes on the bare back. He was then taken to his cell and promises to go to work. The prisoners were all at work again to-day.

SLAUGHTER OF ARABS.

LONDON, July 21. A dispatch from Cairo says news has reached there from Kassala to the effect that a large force of rebels attacked that place and made several attempts to carry it by assault. They were finally repulsed, and the garrison at Kassala, following up their victory captured the rebel camp with 2000 oxen and sheep and 700 rifles. The enemy lost 3000 men killed and wounded, while the garrison's casualities were small.

LONDON, July 21. The news of the attack on Kassala was sent to Cairo by Major Chermside. The attack took place on the 13th and 16th of June.

LONDON, July 21.—Intelligence has been received from West Africa that the King of Dahomey, with many followers, on May 10 made a raid on the villages under French protection near Porto Novo. His troops indulged in wholesale massacres of the inhabitants and burned all their dwellings. One thousand youths and women were captured and carried back into Dahomey to be sacrificed at the cannibalistic feasts.

FOREST FIRE AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

COTTAGE CITY, July 21. A protracted drouth has made the forests exceedingly dry, and farmers are in constant fear of fire. Cottage City was somewhat startled on Sunday and yesterday by an immense bank of smoke that seemed to originate a short distance out of town. Investigation disclosed that a large area of oak forest south of the road running from Tisbury to Edgartown, between it and the south shore, was on fire. This is some eight or ten miles from Cottage City, and in a country so sparsely settled that there is not much danger. The fire is very fierce to-day and last night the heavens were brightly illuminated, causing the people on the main land to believe that it was Cottage City that was burning.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA IN VIRGINIA.—*Winchester, Va., July 20.* A veterinary surgeon from the agricultural department in Washington, upon examining a number of diseased cows belonging to the herd of Timberlake & Marlin of Middletown, in this county, pronounced the disease to be genuine pleuro-pneumonia. The cattle were immediately quarantined.

CHOLERA SPREADING IN SPAIN. *Madrid*, July 20. Cholera is spreading at various provinces. It is propagated by fugitives. The disease sometimes speedily disappears, but in places where there is hot marshy alluvial soil it rapidly increases.

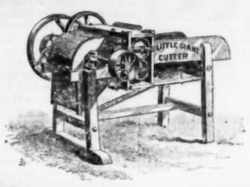
☞ On the farm owned by George Geddes of New York, is a field which for more than three-quarters of a century has been manured with nothing except clover grown upon it and ploughed in, upon which has been grown wheat, corn, oats, barley and grass. For fifty years plaster has been used upon the clover and the land shows no diminution of fertility.

☞ At Plymouth, Mass., a very severe squall, with thunder and lightning, went over at one o'clock Monday. One house was struck by the fluid, taking the soles of the shoes off a woman's feet and affecting her mind. A brick from the new chimney being built for the Plymouth Cordage Works struck a workman on the head and he is not expected to live. Chimneys were blown down and other minor damage done.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

Somebody's child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face, and somebody's mother thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's, take this comforting word to the mother's heart before it is too late. Tell her that consumption is curable; that men are living to-day whom the physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds; surpasses cod liver oil, hypophosphites, and other medicines in curing this disease. Sold by druggists,

THE ROSS



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Is the favorite, wherever known; has received more honors than anything of the kind ever constructed. It took the highest award at the Centennial, and at four other World's Fairs; also, a the National Exhibition of Railroad Appliances. It received Five Silver Medals from the N. E. Fair, and has taken First Prize at every State Fair in N. E., where it has come into working competition with other mills. It has been tested 18 years; over 20,000 in use. Its almost perfect mechanism renders it thoroughly efficient. Automatic, storm-proof and noiseless. It has **no Friction Balls** or other loose joints to impair its efficiency, or shorten its life. Those parts of the Eclipse taking the most strain are of wrought iron, and all wearing parts are machine finished. It is the longest stroke mill, and is the *only Solid Wheel Mill which stands up to the wind* when at work, and **squarely out of the wind when not at work.** It needs no *friction brake to stop it.* The Eclipse is no "clap trap" affair, built to be auctioned off for what it is bid, but is a standard article, costing one man as much as another. We send experienced men to put up Windmills, Pumps, Tanks, and other water supply machinery, and are kept constantly on

The Poet's Corner.

WIFE AND I.

Come and drain a cup of joy,
Now with me, good wife,
And bring the girl and boy
Now with thee, good wife.
Let all hearts be blithe and gay,
It is fourteen years to-day
Since you spake the little "aye"
That to me was life.

When in wedding white arrayed
I beheld you stand,
Why, I almost felt afraid
E'en to touch your hand.
And when with love intent
Your gaze on me you bent,
You seemed a being sent
From the "Better Land."

And an angel you have proved
Since that good glad hour,
Aye, wherever we have roved
In sunshine and in shower.
In all goodness you transcend,
And all excellences blend
In the mother, wife, and friend,
As a sacred dower.

You have made my life more pure
Than it might have been;
You have taught me to endure,
And to strive and win.
With your simple song of praise
You sanctify our days,
And our thoughts to heaven you raise
From a world of sin.

Come, let's quit the dusty town
With its noise and strife,
And seek the breezy down
That with health is rife.
Work is good and so is play,
Let us keep our wedding-day
O'er the hills and far away,
Happy man and wife.

—[John Geo. Watts, in Cassell's Family Magazine for August.

Ladies' Department.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD CONFEDERATE.

A MILITARY EXECUTION.

BY AN OLD 44TH VIRGINIA MAN.

We all love to recall to memory deeds of daring and of bravery. The mind naturally exults as it hears or reads of some gallant military achievement, of some daring exploit, of some hard fought, stubbornly contested battle. We associate with such all that is glorious in war, or dazzling in the life of a soldier. Loss of human life, loss of limbs, ghastly wounds, bloody carnage, with all the terrible concomitants of an embattled field, are intermixed and blended with it, and become part of the general results—a part of history. The records of history are confined to such. When we read or study these, thought is seldom or never given to the many silent and unwritten scenes, acts, deeds of individual daring and bravery, gallant acts, or of suffering, or heart rending anguish, woe, despair, that are frequent attendants of all wars, and nearly every campaign. No matter how tragical their character, they are to the historian but the side shows of the great drama being enacted. They are seldom known except to the actors and participants. Their history and details rarely, if ever, find their way to the public, absorbed as it is with the greater leading events—the great changing panorama. And the deeds of valor thus are overlooked, lost sight of, forgotten, until, in after days, perchance recalled to memory in social intercourse.

It is an indisputable fact that the leading tendency of all wars, especially civil war, is the hardening of the heart, for the time, to all the refined and tender emotions and feelings of compassion which are natural to humanity in a civilized state,—holding them in abeyance to the sterner dictates of an imperious military necessity, rendering it to all outward appearance but a mass of icy callousness; inducing an appearance, an indifference to human suffering, mental anguish, touching appeal, that becomes truly a matter of wonder and astonishment in the midst of such peaceful days. All such feelings and emotions, if felt, are sternly repressed and subordinated to the behests of military duty. Military necessity, be it apparently in other days, never so cruel in its character and calling. Thus for the time and occasion and circumstances, the otherwise feeling man shows but the semblance of the seemingly stoical savage. At such times and under such circumstances, he is no longer a human, but simply a military machine. The unwritten history of the late civil war contains many a harrowing scene that brought to light would touch the heart and thrill it with a feeling of horror—causing a shudder that could have transpired in any civilized land and been carried out in detail by a christian people. Many such are now locked in the breasts of the individual actors, participants and witnesses, sealed hermetically to the world, except, perchance, they find the light through one or the other of these as they fight their battles over and recall experiences with some comrade, as they bring to memory the vivid scenes of the past. It was thus with the writer a few Sabbaths back, when he had the following military tragedy, in all its horrors, related as one of the many episodes of military life:

"Do you remember, Joe, the shooting of that sick man, dying man, while the command was at Pisgah church, in Orange or Madison County, Virginia," asked Mc— of one of those present who had held the post of orderly sergeant.

"I reckon I do:" he replied. "Great God! I shall never forget it, if I live to be a thousand years old!"

"What! A sick man?" I asked, never before having heard of it.

"Yes, a sick man, a dying man, I told you!" he exclaimed. "Nor will I, Joe, ever forget it! It makes my blood curdle and run cold within me even now, after more than twenty years, to think of it. Of all the horrid scenes, the trying, savage scenes of cold blooded butchery of that four years, this beat all. I have seen some few myself, you all know, but this, I say, beat all—topped the climax. I never saw one more such in all its details. He was a member of the 25th Virginia, you remember, belonged to our brigade. A faithful soldier, too, for the first two years of the war, and as brave as they usually make them. He was a back woodsman from one of the Western counties. He had been in all the fights in the valley, and in the seven days around Richmond. Stood out like a man, discharging every duty, consumptive and thin and weak as he appeared.

He had a wife and child from whom he had been absent two years, and to whom he was most devotedly attached. Of whom he was continually talking, the boys said, when off duty. In an evil hour for him his wife wrote him, urging his coming home at once; that his little girl, around whom every tendril of his heart entwined, and clung with tenderest affection and love, was sick—very sick; must die. If he wished or desired to again see and embrace her in this life, he must not delay. Poor woman! She little knew to what she was tempting him. Little knew that the fetters that bound the soldier forces him to smother every domestic tie, every feeling of love and affection, every thought of home, subordinating everything to present duty in the field. That if he, without leave, broke military rule, especially in the presence of the enemy, a certain fate, an inevitable doom awaited him. This he knew, though she did not.

Frenzied with desire to see his daughter—the child of his affection, he burst through all restraints and left camp without leave or asking or seeking it, as a hopeless chance. Hastening across the Blue Ridge and the valley, he sought his mountain home amid the spurs of the Alleghanys, intending to tarry but a few days, to receive the last embrace of his daughter; and then with all speed of his safe return to and report for duty. The fates were against him. His little daughter, a child of eight, died in his arms upon the third day of his return. Without delay, after the last rites had been given and the green sod hid the mortal remains of his little loved one, he hastily bade his wife farewell and sped upon his return. A change of position had taken place in the enemy's forces, and now interposed between him and his command. Fatigue and trouble had told upon his system, and he was almost totally broken down bodily. Finding it impossible to get to his command without risk of certain capture and weary months in a northern prison,—in his physical condition, certain death, he turned his weary steps to his mountain home, where he became prostrated with his life enemy consumption. Thus passed many weeks. A raiding party of our cavalry had scooped around the enemy's line, and gotten in their rear. This party finding him at home, absent without leave, took him into custody as weak as he was, and brought him into our camp as a deserter. His wife, true in her love and affection, besitated not a moment to follow after, passing unmolested and in safety, the lines of the enemy. He was brought to trial, upon charge of deserting the ranks, in the presence of the enemy, found guilty and sentenced to be shot on the third day thereafter. Absenting without leave had become too common, — the ranks were too much thinned thereby. It must be stopped. *Examples* by military execution, became an important military necessity. Fate had placed the chance upon him. The Commanding General, as much as he might otherwise feel, felt the necessity of this situation, and sternly repressing every feeling, approved the sentence, unmoved by the prayers and tears of the loving, but disconsolated wife. One hope only remained open to her: an appeal to the Confederate President, Jeff Davis. This glimmering hope, she eagerly embraced, and at once started on foot to the railroad station at Orange Court House, for Richmond, to seek from him, who could now alone interpose with mercy and pardon. Reaching Richmond, she sought at once without delay the President. By her tenderly, affecting, earnest and moving appeal, the heart of the "stern man" was touched with sympathy. He hastily signed the pardon and bade her a hearty God speed, as she poured out prayers and blessings upon his head. Better acquainted with the urgency of haste in all military matters and especially such cases, he also dispatched a special courier with a duplicate to our camp.

Boys, I often had to do duty at the Guard tent, and was therefore frequently brought in contact and intercourse with the poor fellow. I tell you, he was a brave man, and better, a good christian, if a soldier can be one amid such surroundings, and said, "Cussedness" as a military camp. Debilitated as he was bodily, and suffering, he faced the situation in which he was placed, with the firm, uncomplaining stoicism as only a brave man and true christian can. No repining, no complaint, no murmuring was shown, but the fortitude of a true manhood was ever present. True, he expressed the wish, that death might have come to him in the battlefield, and at the hands of the enemy rather than at the hands of his comrades. He calmly read his Bible, and trusted in the mercy of God, and the otherwise pure record of a past life towards his fellows. So passed the three days. The fatal hour came, and as yet, no wife's return—no pardon—no reprieve of sentence. The entire force was ordered out to witness military execution. Some little distance below the church, in an open field, they were marched and formed into a hollow square facing inwards. At the further and lower end of the square, near the centre of that side, a stake was driven in firmly into the ground. An ambulance and guard slowly move in the direction of the Guard tent. At word of command, thirteen detailed men, wheel from each side of the stake, march to where thirteen muskets are stacked—loaded, six with blank and seven with ball cartridge. Each pick at random a gun. Twelve slowly in line, take position ten paces in front of the stake—one the reserve in the rear of them. Oh! how blanched was the face of each of these stern men, compelled by military ordeal to carry out the order, and take the life of a comrade in cool blood! They humored and unflinchingly, and without feeling, could have stormed the most deadly breach, or the most unassailable and perilous position; but this was very, very different! The silence of the line and its surroundings was awful in its breathless stillness—awaiting the return of ambulance and condemned one. Surrounding nature, sympathized with the tragic scene to be enacted. Not a breath of air moved—not even the softer sphyr moved amid the trees or a leaflet showed sign of movement or of life; not even a bird gave forth a single note—even the chirp of a sparrow was unheard—all nature, as man, seemed bound as by a spell. Perhaps, could the thin veil that separates an earthly from an eternal existence be torn aside, the spirit of a daughter awaited the father who had sacrificed life from high patriotic motives.

The ambulance reaches the Guard tent. The unfortunate doomed man, his form wasted and features thin and cadaverous, but slightly tinged with hectic glow, was lifted from the cot on which he lay and borne by the detail of guards to the ambulance and gently laid upon one of its seats, as a part seat themselves upon the other. At word of command, they slowly move to solemn muffled drum to a point near the stake. They lift him out and conduct him to the stake to which he is firmly bound upon his knees, as he is held in position by two of them; his eyes are bandaged, that he may carry the impress of his executioners into the next world. All this speedily accomplished, the guard wheel aside. A moment of awful silence—then comes forth the command: "Make ready—take aim—fire!" Simultaneously the report of twelve muskets roll forth upon the hitherto stilly air and reverberate among the forest and hill. Horror! While blood in streams spirt from different wounds, no vital part is touched, and life, the soul—still lingers in the attenuated body. Instantly at word of command, the twelve wheel aside and give place to the reserve man. A solitary echo; but alas! in the hurry of the moment he had selected the wrong musket—one loaded with blank cartridge. He was sternly ordered to reload speedily and quickly. Dispatch and steadiness was now a merciful deed of charity. Again the report of the musket sounds forth, and the soul of ——— had joined that of his daughter in the spirit land where wars are unknown and no military executions demanded.

Scarcely had the reverberation of the last gun ceased its rolling amid the troubled air, when along the winding highway a horseman was seen rapidly approaching. The flaking sides of his panting steed, proclaimed the haste he had made—but alas! now vainly made! No stopping for question—for too well he knew what all the surroundings proclaimed. He passed on to the headquarters of the General and handed him the despatch containing the now useless order of pardon. No word was spoken—each knew that so far as the reprieved man was concerned, he was now beyond the need of pardon from any earthly power.

Two hours after, his wife happy in the pardon she bore, and wholly unconscious of the awful scene but just enacted, came into camp. The shock was too much for her. The revulsion from pure unalloyed joy and hope, and happiness, to the vivid blackness of hopeless despair, was too great and too sudden. Reason was unthroned, and she instantly became a raving maniac. Her agonized shriek was only such an one as can issue from a soul in whom all hope is lost, and the enshrouded darkness of bitter and hopeless despair, has overwhelmed the whole being and each and every faculty of the mind. A few weeks after the lifeless body of the poor woman was found upon the grave of the little daughter. Daughter—father—wife, mother were reunited forever.

Antioch, Va., 1885.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

Shuttle of the sunburnt grass,
Fifer in the dull cuirass,
Fifing shrilly in the morn,
Shrilly still at eve unworn;
Now to rear, now in the van,
Gayest of the elfin clan;
Though I watch their rustling flight,
I can never guess aright
Where their lodging-places are:
'Mid some daisy's golden star
Or beneath a rustling leaf,
Or in fringes of a sheaf,
Tenanted as soon as found!
Loud thy reveille doth sound,
When the earth is laid asleep,
And her dreams are passing deep,
On mid-August dusky eve
And through all the harvest moons,
Nights brimmed up with honeyed peace,
Thy gainsaying doth not cease.
When the frost comes thou art dead;
We along the stubble tread,
On blue, frozen morns, and note
No least murmur is afloat;
Wondrous still our fields are then,
Fifer of the elfin men!

AN UNMINISTERIAL EXCHANGE.

A correspondent in an exchange tells the following story of Gen. Oliver. Gen. Oliver and a clerical neighbor had each ordered from the same tailor a pair of pantaloons from the same piece of cloth, to be delivered on the Saturday evening next following. The two gentlemen were not then acquaintances. Saturday evening came, and two bundles, the outside marking upon which was not then noticed, were delivered at their respective homes. On Sunday morning, each, rising, essayed to wear his new garment. Each was a misfit. Gen. Oliver then looked at the wrapper, and, seeing another name than his own, at once surmised the cause of trouble. He donned his ordinary dress, and proceeded to his clerical neighbor's residence. Ringing the bell, he inquired for the Rev. Dr. Mills, who presently appeared. After an exchange of stately courtesies (no names being given), Gen. Oliver said,—

"I called, reverend sir, to inquire if you were disposed for an exchange?"

"For an exchange?" asked the doctor; "and with whom and when?"

"With me, and today."

"With you? and today!"

Gen. Oliver, though one of the "sons the clergy," was not very clerical in appearance.

"My dear sir," said the clergyman, "it will not be possible. It is already nearly time for the ringing of the second bells. I have a special sermon, and have sent the day's hymns to my organist; and I cannot possibly do it."

"Well, my friend," said the general, "I am very sorry, as it would be a convenience to each of us; for you have got my breeches and I have yours!"

"Aha! aha! Oh, yes, yes, yes! I see! I see! Exchange? Yes, with all my heart; for I have been losing my legs for an hour in a pair of meal-bags 'a world too wide for my shrunk shanks.' Mrs. Mills, bring down those big trousers! The riddle's solved: the tailor's boy blundered."—[Christian Register.

HER LITTLE FORTUNE.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

[The Quiver for August.]

CHAPTER I.—HOW SHE CAME BY IT.

There were half a dozen grave gentlemen in the drawing room of the late Mrs. Priscilla Jones, putting on their great coats, and buttoning their gloves ready for departure. With all their usual ceremonies they had laid their respected friend in her grave, talking, as they drove to and from the cemetery, of her long and blameless life. They had listened with decorous interest to the reading of the will that bequeathed all of which she died possessed to her only kinsman, a nephew; shaken hands with and congratulated the heir, who, with the keys of his new possessions in his pocket, would leave for his home in Manchester by the next train

All was over, yet not quite. At a whisper to the heir from Dr. Raye, Mrs. Jones' medical attendant, the bell was rung, and answered by a young girl, pale and heavy eyed with many a long vigil beside the bed of a querulous invalid.

"I am sorry my aunt made no provision for her servants," Mr. Jones began, fumbling the while with his pocket book. "I shall retain the cook and housekeeper in my service, so they will not be the losers by her death; but as you will have to seek another situation, here are the wages due to you—and—a trifling recognition of your attendance to your mistress."

"Take it, Margaret, take it!" cried little Dr. Raye peremptorily, when she hesitated to accept the crisp, new bank note that Jones regarded lovingly before he folded and tendered it to tearful Meg. "I can certify that you deserve to be rewarded for your care and tenderness. Take it, and be off with you to your friends. You want a long rest and country air. Go and get both at your grandfather's before you think of anything else."

Meg curtseyed and vanished. Her boxes were already in the back of the roomy trap in waiting for her, and Aunt Martha to whom it pertained, was speculating with her blooming daughter Patty as to the style and fashion of their contents. Mrs. Priscilla Jones had spent the last two years of her life in a search for health at various watering places carrying her servants with her and rebutting up the house till the near approach of death hurried her back to it. So for that term Meg had almost been a stranger to her relatives, and it was with a sob of joy that she threw her arms round the neck of the tall, gray-haired old man, who stood ready to help her into the vehicle.

"It's so good to be with you once more, grandfather," she said.

"And it's so good to have ye, Meg! The house has been terrible unked (lonely) since your uncle Joe took it into his head to emigrate; and the poor old lady begins to fail sadly. Maybe she'll brighten up when there's someone to look after her better than I can."

Aunt Martha listened stolidly. She was the wife of Mr. Hawley's eldest son, and a woman that made him a tolerably prosperous farmer; but she did not consider herself bound by her marriage vows to do aught for the aged parents of her husband beyond taking them occasionally a chicken, or a little of the firm, sweet butter on which she prided herself.

"So your name wasn't in the old lady's will, Meg?" Aunt Martha remarked, when she had guided her stout thorough bred through the narrow streets of the town, and a mile of smooth country road lay before them. "That's all you got by serving the rich night and day."

"I had my wages, aunt, and kindly treatment. I had no right to expect more," said Meg, a little resentfully. "And yet I did have more, too," she added, remembering the note which, in her embarrassment at confronting so many strange gentlemen, she had slipped into her pocket without examining.

She smoothed it out on her knee as she sat beside her cousin at the back of the vehicle, her grandfather and Mrs Hawley turning round in their seats that they too might see it.

"For twenty pounds, I declare!" cried Patty, the first to spell the amount. "Oh, you lucky Meg, where will you spend it? Just think of the many pretty things you will be able to buy yourself with it!"

"She'll not spend it at all!" said her grandfather, speaking with decision. "It's Meg's little fortune, and if times don't mend with us, I'm afraid it's the only fortune she'll ever have left to her."

Mrs. Hawley now broke in to lecture her daughter on her frivolous ideas; and Patty's saucy replies provoking more and more rebukes, Meg and her grandfather had to keep silence. So not another word was said respecting the banknote till they had dropped at the door of the old fashioned cottage that had been the home of the Hawleys for several generations.

But it was produced for grandmother's inspection as they sat at tea, and passed from one to the other with careful handling and much admiration.

"I suppose I had better put it in the bank," suggested Meg.

"Nay, nay, my lass, don't ye run any risk with it," her grandfather exclaimed; "but sew it up in your clothes, or keep it hidden between the bed and the mattrass. Banks are always breaking, and it would be hard on ye to lose your little all."

"But there's the post office saving banks; it would be safe in one of them."

"I don't believe in 'Meg;' I don't believe it," the old man responded. "Why, they're Government concerns; and don't tell me the Lords and Commons would trouble theirselves with the affairs of poor folk like we. No, no; you keep your money in your own hands, my lass, and then you'll know what 't is when you want it."

The enlightened than her grandsire, Meg smiled at his notions, but she did not offer any opposition. The note was consigned to a place of safety, and the rest of the evening spent in inquiring for old friends and schoolfellows.

Not till the following day, when she was kneading the dough for a batch of bread, her silver haired grandma watching contentedly that had so often taxed her failing strength severely, did Meg contrive to say—

"You have not told me what has become of Laurence Vyne."

"There, now! how often we do seem to say least of what's most in your thoughts!" ejaculated the old lady. "He has had a hard time of it, my dearie, with that father of his. I don't marvel he hasn't been tempted many a time to break away and leave him to it. 'Tis terrible, ye know, for a man to be a disgrace to his only son."

"Laurie promised his mother before she died," said Meg, hurriedly; "and he would not 'break that promise.'"

"He had enough to make him, let alone his good place at Mr. Emsworth's the builder's. When Laurie's father took to going there half mad with drink, and raving at his son before all the work people, it was not to be wondered at that the master paid the lad his wages, and bade him get work elsewhere."

"Poor Laurie!" whispered Meg, her eyes filling with tears.

"Ay, dearie, he's been sore tried; but it must comfort him now that he done his duty to the last."

Meg looked up with a startled air.

"Eh, child! didn't I tell 'ee Dick Vyne died, and was buried just after Christmas? As soon as our Joe heard of it over there, in New Zealand, he wrote to say there was a good opening for Laurie if he'd come at once."

"And he's gone! Gone, and without one good bye!"

Not knowing what she did Meg took her hands out of the pan and wrung them.

Her grandmother looked at her doubtfully. Her hearing was failing as well as her strength, and she was not sure she heard that plaintive cry aright.

"Who's gone? Not Laurie; how could he with his father's funeral to pay for, and the doctor's bill, and every publican for miles around bringing a score to be settled? With no regular work since he was turned off at Emsworth's, how's he to pay these, let alone gather up the price of the passage across the sea?"

Meg had all these things in her mind the first time she encountered Laurie Vyne striding down a lane to his lodging long after everyone else had left his work.

Always inclined to be reserved, and too proud to take any one into his confidence, he had of late become almost moody. The struggle had been such a long and terrible one, that who can feel surprised if he had begun to faint by the way.

He had done his duty faithfully, but not yet could he take consolation by it; and the smile that irradiated his features when he greeted Meg was the first they had worn through many a long day.

She might not stay to talk with him for long since her grandfather had forbidden it. He'd naught to say against the young man, he admitted, but that he came of a bad stock, and, might, nay, most likely would turn out as bad as his father. Anyhow, his pass should not be seen walking with the son of drunken Dick Vyne.

Remembering this, Meg hurriedly drew away the hand she had given him. Her eyes were full of tears but her words were hopeful ones.

"You'll not lose heart Laurie! There's brighter days in store. Not here, perhaps; but you will join Uncle Joe, won't you?"

"I can't go away till I can leave an honest name behind me," he answed sadly.

"And by that time the place you were to have will be given to someone else."

"Ay, long before that. Ten pounds would barely clear off father's owings, and then there's the passage money."

"But you'll not give up hoping, Laurie?"

"Not if you will be true to me, Meg."

The kiss for which she unhesitatingly held up her rosy mouth was her only response. The next moment she was hurrying home, and Laurie had shouldered his basket, and resumed the route to his dreary untidy lodgings.

Two days afterwards the postman left a letter there for him. It contained a blank sheet of paper from which fell a banknote for twenty pounds.

Next Sunday Laurie's place in the choir was empty. He started for New Zealand, and months elapsed before Margaret Hawley heard his name again.

CHAPTER II.—WAITING AND HOPING.

Not one, but two summers had come and gone since Laurie Vyne left the village, and now it was nearly autumn again, and Meg was still living with her grandparents.

Aunt Martha protested that it was a downright waste of time to be wearing out her good clothes, and getting no wages, in pottering about for two old people; but Meg turned a deaf ear to such remarks. Her grandmother had now become too helpless to be left to strangers, and her grandsire, though still hale and vigorous, would have missed her sorely.

It was Meg who milked their one cow and looked after the fowls, from which they derived part of their income; who helped in the garden, rearing such flowers that her posies were eagerly sought in the market, and who kept the tumbledown cottage so neat and clean as to disguise in some measure its decaying condition.

Laboring for others brought with it cheerfulness and content, and with Uncle Joe's letters always containing good news of Laurie, she could sing at her work and look forward hopefully.

Yet here she stands, out in the fields where none can see her woeful looks, crushing between her fingers a slip of paper that has brought trouble on her grandfather, trouble from which even her love cannot shield him.

In spite of Meg's efforts, times have not mended with the old man. There had been a murrain amongst the cattle, and his cow was one of the first of its victims. To replace it he went a-borrowing, and too proud to ask from his son the loan to which the farmer's wife might have raised objections, he could only obtain the sum he required at usurious interest.

To repay this he had toiled early and late, denying himself and his household aught but the most frugal fare; but to no purpose. His aged wife was slowly, surely fading away, and the expenses of her protracted illness made such inroads in his earnings, that when his borrowed money became due, he knew not how to meet the demand.

Half an hour ago Meg had found him counting the contents of his little bag, to which every penny there was to scrape together was consigned. She knew but too well that there was barely but five pounds in it, and yet the anxious look left his face and he smiled as she came and stood beside him.

"Eh, my lass! you've been a blessing to us ever since you came home, but now more than ever; for it's you that'll be able to help us over the hardest trial I've had. Thou knows I've done my best to get the bit o' money together and failed, but you'll pay my debt for me, Meg, won't ye? with the banknote that is your little fortune. I'd a'most forgotten you'd ever had it; and if I don't live to make it up to ye, I'll will ye the cottage at my death."

Meg was pale to the lips when she stooped and kissed the wrinkled forehead, but she did not speak. How should she tell him the note was no longer in her possession; parted with to further the fortunes of one whom he had always distrusted?

Feeling as if she could not breathe in the narrow space of the cottage, and quivering with fear and grief every time she heard her grandfather's voice or footstep, she hastened away.

What should she do? What could she do? Appeal to Laurie for the return of the money? Alas! long before that appeal could reach him her grandfather's merciless creditor would have stripped the cottage to satisfy his claim.

She thought of her uncle the farmer, and began walking swiftly towards his house to beseech his aid, then hopelessly retraced her steps. Aunt Martha kept the family purse, and what plea could be urged to induce her to take twenty pounds out of it?

Then Meg tortured herself by picturing the mingled wrath and surprise with which her grandfather would listen to her avowal. Ah, would he ever forgive her for what she had done?

But even the prospect of his reproaches was not so terrible as the thought of the bitter disappointment she would have to inflict. How would he bear it? Would he break down under it? Oh, Laurie, Laurie, must the sacrifice made so cheerfully for your sake, doom this old couple, and bring the sorrow of hopeless poverty and privation upon them?

How long Meg stayed in the field, sometimes weeping piteously, sometimes putting up fervent supplications, she did not know but she felt weak and ill when she dragged herself back to the cottage. She had resolved that until the morrow she would keep her secret, though her heart died within her when her grandfather read aloud a psalm of triumph, and reverently thanked God for relief from a great anxiety.

Half distracted, Meg tossed to and fro on her bed till morning. As soon as her grandfather had finished his breakfast, she knelt down beside him to make her hesitating confession, that the help he was depending on she could not give.

But someone was coming up the path and there was a tap at the door.

"It's Mr. Bennett," cried Meg's grandfather. "Come in, sir, come in. I'm thankful to say we're ready for you."

The visitor walked in, and Meg started to her feet. It was not the usurer, but Dr. Raye, sharp tongued, warm hearted, little Dr. Raye.

"Here's your receipt, Mr. Hawley; don't get into the hands of the money lenders again. How came I to settle this affair? I will tell you. A young fellow used to live in this village whose father and I were school fellows. You know his history and his son's. Before Laurie left England he came to me, told me all his secrets— eh! Mistress Meg, what are you blushing for?—and I was able to tell him whence came the bank note that set him free to go abroad. Since then sundry sums have been sent to me to be used for the benefit of Margaret Hawley, and this is one of them."

Meg's grandmother died before the winter, and the news of her death brought a letter from Joe Hawley, entreating his father to join him.

The old man went and not alone. Need we say who stood on the quay the first to welcome Meg on the new land? or who, now she shares the home he has made for her—home that will never be wrecked by the vices of his father — often proudly declares her to be a fortune in herself?

TRAVELING IN 1700.

The Virginia planter of the richer sort, who was said to live with more show and luxury "than a country gentleman in England on an estate of £3000 or £4000 a year," showed a strong liking for the stately six-horse coach with postilions; but it was not until 1750 that wheeled carriages were reconized in the legal price-list of the Virginia ferries. In the other colonies, also, the coach was valued as a sign of official or family dignity, and some of the richer Carolinians carried "their luxury so far as to have carriages, horses, coachmen, and all imported from England;" but in Carolina, and everywhere north of Virginia, the light open "chair," or the covered chaise was generally preferred. These were better suited to the roughness and sinuosity of the roads than the coach. The chaise was a kind of two-wheeled gig, having a top, and drawn sometimes by one and sometimes by two horses; the chair had two wheels but no top; the sulky, which was much used, differed from the chair chiefly in having room for but one person. All these seem to have been hung on straps, or thorough-braces, instead of springs. Boston ladies in the middle of the 18th century took the air in chaises or chairs, with negro drivers. Boston gentlemen also affected negro attendants when they drove their chairs or rode on saddle-horses. But in rural regions, from Pennsylvani northward, ladies took delight in driving about alone in open chairs, to the amusement of European travelers, who deemed that a paradise in which women could travel without protection. Philadelphians were fond of a long, light, covered wagon, with benches, which would carry a dozen persons in an excursion to the country. Sedan-chairs were occasionally used in the cities. The Dutch introduced sleighs into New York at a very early date; but sleighs for pleasure, though known in Boston about 1700, only came into general use in the northern provinces at a somewhat later period. The first stage wagon in the colonies was run from Trenton to New Brunswick twice a week during the summer of 1738. It was a link in the tedious land and water journey from Philadelphia to New York, and travelers were promised that it would be "fitted up with benches and covered over, so that passengers may sit easy and dry."—[Edward Egleston in the Century.

VACATION.

Vacation! I fancy, if you were a child,
And rules and examples had driven you wild,
You'd just be as joyful as I am today
At the thought of vacation and freedom and play.

Not a lesson to look at for ever so long,
Not a dull, puzzling sum, with the answer all wrong,
No dreadful dictation to write on your slate,
No teacher to frown if a second you're late;

But fun in the morning and frolic at night,
And the hours between full of mirth and delight.
Such races and chases, such laughter and glee,
You'd know if you only were little, like me.

There's only one trouble: you look very kind;
Perhaps you'll tell mother (you're sure you won't mind?)
If she wouldn't insist so on bed-time at eight,
She'd make it more jolly for Freddie and Kate.

Vacation! We're off with the birds and the bees,
We'll picnic in woods and have swings on the trees,
We'll fish in the brook, and we'll ride on the hay,
And weeks upon weeks we'll do nothing but play.

Perhaps you are right—it don't seem so to me;
But we may by-and-by, having had so much glee,
Be pleased to return to the teacher's kind rule,
And willingly answer the summons to school.
—[Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Young People.

AN ADIRONDACK MYSTERY.

[The Chicago Herald.]

It is a very prosaic ruin, the crumbling foundation walls of what had once been a large dwelling in a clearing in the midst of the great Adirondack wilderness, miles away from any house. Meadows sloped down the mountain side to a distinctively beautiful lake, even in a region famed for its lovely mountain tarns, and in the month of September, haymakers were curing the scanty mountain harvest. "The ruin has a history, however," said the legal friend who brought it to my notice, and on our return to the city he introduced me to Judge——, one of the most honorable and efficient magistrates on the city bench, the present owner of the estate, who favored me with this most strange and eventful history.

"Its early history," he began, "I possess only in fragments. It was built probably seventy-five years ago by Philip Rhynwood, a member of one of our oldest and wealthiest New York families, whose possessions in the neighborhood covered several square miles. I acquired it some twenty years ago. The simple account of my first visit with a view to purchasing, together with the experiences there one summer of myself and family, will form the strangest tale you ever listened to. To begin with my first visit. We left the New York Central (Van, the owner, and I) at Amsterdam, and after traveling all day over the divide and along the banks of the romantic Sacondaga, drew up at sundown at Rhinelands. I will not dwell on the beauty of the scene opening up from it, since you are familiar with the region, but I thought it then, as I do now, one of the loveliest and most interesting nooks in the North Woods. Van had a man in charge, and there were cattle and sheep scattered picturesquely over the four hundred acres of clearing. The house without looked very much like it does now, but I confess the interior surprised me. The building, you are aware, is two stories and an attic, forty-two feet wide by thirty deep. Through the center ran a wide hall, on which the drawing room and parlors opened. This hall had a wide cushioned settee near the doors, and its walls were hung with a splendid pelt collection. Wolf, bear, and deer skins were temptingly displayed; but the feature of the room was a large mahogany sideboard in a corner, richly carved and gleaming with silver. The curtains throughout the house were really tapestry of a curious design, evidently from Saracen looms; and wherever it was necessary to loop them, deer's antlers were employed for the purpose. There were more highest on the parlor walls, and I asked my friend to explain their presence there. 'That makes a curious story,' says he; 'they were the property of a mysterious German baron, who appeared here some years after the original proprietor had left the place, purchased it, furnished it in the manner you have seen, and after living here quietly some ten years, disappeared as mysteriously as he came. But come into the chambers.' These were all on the second floor, and as they figure largely in what follows, you must allow me a brief description. There were three front chambers, one on the right of the hall and two on left, and an equal number in the rear, one being at the end of the hall, which we called the bar-room. Those were furnished quite richly as the parlors; the beds struck one for their extreme width and for the rich silken canopies, of the same stuffs as the tapestries that enclosed them. I should have stated that on the curtains, tapestries, and cushions were the richly embroidered arms, the Maltese cross, the pointed hood, and other symbols of the Order of St. John.

"We had a dinner that night worthy of the mountains—trout fresh from the book, venison, lamb, peas, and crispy lettuce from the garden. Afterward we smoked on the porch, and saw moon and stars climb up over the mountains and mirror themselves in the lake below. When the time for chamber lights came, Van remarked that the maid would show me to my room. 'As for myself,' said he, with a slightly embarrassed air, 'I always take the parlor lounge.' I followed the maid into one of those great front chambers, crept into the huge canopied bed, and slept like Rip Van Winkle all night, not even hearing a mouse squeak. Next morning I came down late. Van was in the breakfast-room; the waitress was behind the urn; a man servant opened the door. All scanned my countenance curiously. 'How did you sleep?' Van ventured. 'Capitally,' I replied, whereupon an expression passed over their faces that puzzled me all day; it was the blank look that follows disappointed expectations.

"Well, I staid several days; we hunted, fished, drove through the woodpath to the village, and I was so well pleased with the place that I told Van as we drove homeward I would buy it. 'Did you hear anything either night you slept in that room?' he asked irrelevantly. 'No,' said I. 'Why?' 'Do you know,' he replied, 'that neither I nor any other person in that house would have occupied the room you did for a dozen Rhinelands? I slept there once—bah, such noises and people in my room all night. 'Why, the servants down stairs sat up the night through expecting you to rush in any moment half frightened out of your wits.' 'Well, Van,' said I, 'you interest me, but I think you're joking, or else you want to back out of the sale.' 'I assure you it's the solemn truth,' he replied, 'and you know I want to sell.' 'Then,' said I, 'you've given me the greatest possible inducement to buy; for my family and I have long been looking for a place with real live ghosts to experiment on.' 'You'll find them there,' he said; 'ask the mountaineers. You couldn't hire one of them to sleep on the second floor.'

"The transfer was made, and the next June we went up to pass the summer at our new place. As witnesses and vouchers for the truth of the strange events that followed permit me to introduce the members of my household at that time—my wife, a New England lady, far removed from credulity or supersitition; my son and daughter, aged twenty-four and twenty, both having had all the advantages that the best schools could afford, and Frank, at least much more skeptical than his mother or I could wish. The chambermaid, Hattie, a rosy French Canadian, bold as Cæsar, and Tom, the burly coachman, also shared in our strange experiences.

"My daughter's room, and the room occupied by my wife and me, were in front, on the left of the hall; of the small room in the rear, one was empty, the other occupied by Hattie, the maid. Frank's room was opposite ours. Tom, the coachman, slept in the third rear room, at the end of the hall. The first signs of anything unusual appeared in Hattie. About a week after getting fairly settled, her mistress observed that she did not sing about her work as usual, and was growing pale and nervous. 'Why, Hattie,' said she, 'what's the matter? You don't look well. Are you ill?' 'No,' she replied, 'I'm not ill, but I haven't slept well for two or three nights.' My wife owned that she was startled by something in the girl's look and actions. 'Why is it, Hattie?' she said kindly. The girl was loth to tell; at last she said with an effort: 'I know it won't hurt me, madame, but there's a lady walking about in my room at night. I can't see her, but I hear the rustle of her silk dress. She goes up to the window and I hear her tearing paper, as it might be a letter, to pieces. Then she goes to the stand and pours water into the basin and washes her hands. Next I hear the closet door open and she disappears. I know it can't hurt me, but it keeps me awake and makes me sick.' This girl, you must remember, had not heard that the house was haunted, and probably had never had a thought of ghosts in her simple mind. 'Well,' said my wife, 'you shall change and take the room next me, then you won't feel nervous.' She did so, and next morning declared she had rested undisturbed.

A few days passed, and Tom, the coachman, was assailed. One July morning, after a long search, I found Tom sitting on a bench by the coach house door in a musing attitude. 'Tom,' said I, 'what's the matter?' 'Nothing, sir,' said he. 'But there is,' said I; 'you look pale and frightened.' 'Oh, said he, 'I don't like to tell ye; ye'll laugh at me.' I insisted. 'Oh, said he, 'I had such a night, my heart thumps yet. You know, sir, I had not taken a drop when I went to bed. Well, in the middle of the night I nearly fell dead with fear; my bed rose up and tipped me up. Bein' a clear, moonlight night, I hopped to the window and looked out, thinkin' some of the boys had played a trick on me, but sure, nothin' could I see. Then I thought I must have been dreamin', and leaped back to bed again, but the next minnit the bed rose higher'n before, and threw me, coverin' and all, flat on the floor. Oh, I was scared. My heart beat, and I thought I should faint. But I seized my blanket instead, and ran out for the rest of the night. We went to Tom's room, but found only the heap of clothes on the floor. As for Tom, nothing would induce him to pass another night in the house, he had his bed made in the coach house and slept there while we remained at Rhinelands.

"My son occupied a room across the hall. The disturbances seemed to prevail only in the two small rooms in the rear. I asked if he had seen or heard anything unusual. He said no, and laughed heartily at Tom's predicament when related to him. But that same night he had the strangest experience of any of us. It was so singular that I asked him to write and sign a plain statement of the phenomena, which he did as follows:

"'It was wellon to midnight. I was sitting up in bed reading and smoking. A lamp burned on a little table by the bedside. Dash, the pointer, who slept sometimes in my room, sometimes in father's, was curled up on a rug near the door. Suddenly, without ommotion, Dash got up, gazed fixedly at the door, and began slowly retreating from it, cowering, shrinking in terror, his eyes fixed on something that seemed to be advancing into the room. I saw nothing, but I solemnly affirm—and I was wide awake and in full possession of all my faculties—that I distinctly heard the rustle of a woman's d